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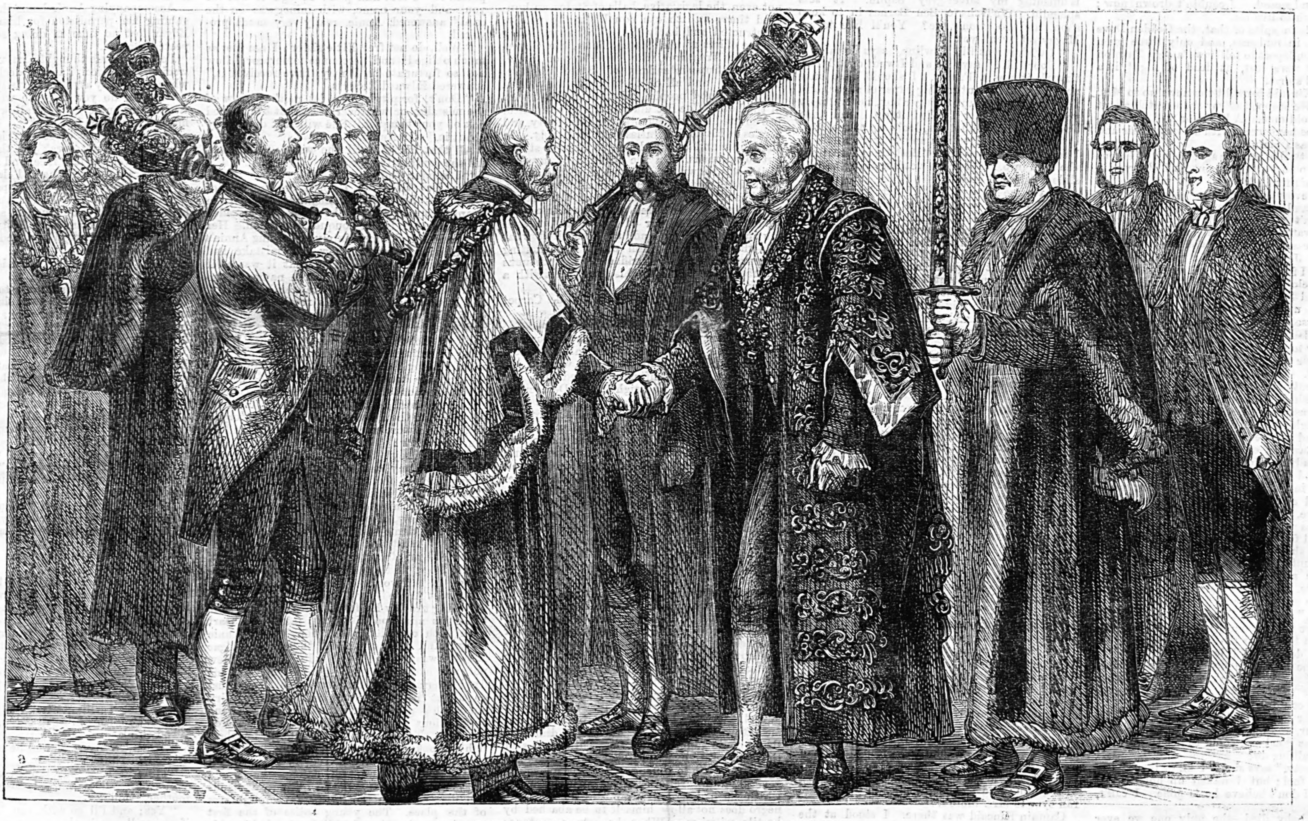

THE MANSION HOUSE RECEPTION OF MAYORS AND PROVOSTS.

The Mansion House Reception.

Sir Sydney Waterlow, during his tenure of office as Lord Mayor of London, inaugurated the gathering of chief municipal functionaries which was recently carried out, on a more extensive scale, by his successor in the civic chair.

Lord Mayor Lusk thought it would be desirable to include all parts of the United Kingdom in the invitations, and accordingly the magnificent banquet at the Mansion House was attended by the mayors of England and Wales, the provosts of Scotland, and the mayors of Ireland. On account of the value which attaches to this congregation of officials, it is believed that the banquet to provincial mayors and provosts will become one of the recognised entertainments to be given annually by the chief magistrates of the City of London. In describing the reception-scene, which forms the subject of our first illustration, the *Times* said: "Few scenes could be more brilliant than the reception before the procession into the Egyptian Hall. Backed by those notable functionaries the sword and mace bearers, the lord mayors, mayors, and provosts came in all the magnificence of their respective offices, with robes of every tint of scarlet, purple, and blue, trimmed with fur of minever, ermine, and of a variety of other non-British beasts, set off by huge gold chains and badges of every style of mediæval and modern workmanship. In the noble Banqueting Hall the effect was enhanced by the charming architectural decorations, the épergnes and flowers adorning the tables, and the splendid buffet of corporation plate behind the seat of the Lord Mayor. The Coldstreams band, under the conduct of Mr. Fred Godfrey, played selections during the evening, and at its conclusion the 'loving cup'—a municipal relic of the olden time, unknown to the proceedings of modern boroughs—was circulated with all the pomp and ceremony of civic celebration. So large was the attendance of guests, that the hospitable capacity of the Egyptian Hall was taxed to the utmost."

An entertainment, possessing the importance here indicated, forms a fitting subject for the pencil of the artist.

Courtship on the Housetop.

The sloping roof of a crazy old tenement under repair may not seem so convenient or appropriate for a courting chat as the flat roof of an Oriental house, but it can be utilised for this purpose nevertheless, as one of the illustrations in the present number shows; and, indeed, it possesses certain advantages of locality not unappreciated by the youthful pair who are enjoying a quiet confab. There are only the eyes of the house-pigeons to overlook them, but these harmless creatures are so much taken up with their own billing and cooing that they do not seek to interfere with Jabez and Joan. The young workman has some excuse for taking it easy under the pleasant circumstances in which he is placed. This is by no means the first time that Joan has made a message for herself to the quaint window of the roof, or rested her plump arm on her burden, while she had a talk with Jabez. There is a good deal can be said above the roof that may not be quite so safe to say beneath the roof. It is hard, however, to tell when the young workman, thus pleasantly occupied, will be able to finish his job of roof-patching, and we much fear that his master, on accidentally discovering the cause of his slowness in getting through, may pack him off to another roof in another street where no similar attraction exists. Poor Joan would then lose her house-top Joe.

Andalusian Gamesters.

The passion for card-gambling is strong among the lower class of the population in Andalusia. Groups eagerly engaged in play may be seen everywhere—upon the seashore in the shade of a boat, or under the trees on the promenades. Our illustration, with the above title, represents a gambling group suddenly interrupted by a *baratero*, who makes use of the fear he creates to exact from the card-players a tax upon the stake of the game. His defiant, swashbuckler air and tone generally have the effect of getting him what he wants, and it is only when any of the gamesters have pluck enough to refuse and show fight that a scrimmage takes place.

Off the Sawdust.

In the illustration called "Off the Sawdust," we see the circus performers, bipeds and quadrupeds, going off duty. On the left of the picture, where the pup and the child are at play together, we see little Cupid—who appears also to have been doing Apollo—returning the lyre he uses to his amiable mamma, who looks somewhat tired after a long spell in the ring. The performing pony, feeling rather tired after the monotonous process of identifying Charlie and Jemima with a touch of his nose, is evidently bent on taking his supper out of a laurel-crown, which has fallen into the possession of a triplet of monkeys; but the smart little animal is not aware that a cane, wielded by his master, is rapidly approaching his hind-quarters. The circus horse, dull and demure, looks somewhat tired of the queer burden on his back, and the drooping flag, held in a monkey's hand, is an appropriate sign that the performance is over till it begins again.

Capture of a Slaver.

The *Natal Mercury* of April 25 gives the following account of the capture of a slaver by her Majesty's ship Daphne on the coast of Madagascar, and the arrival of the liberated slaves at Natal: "The liberated slaves who arrived in the Royal Mail steamship Kafir were taken by her Majesty's ship Daphne, 5 guns, commander C. E. Foot. The Daphne was cruising off Boyama Bay, north-west coast of Madagascar, on the 13th of March, when at three in the afternoon a suspicious dhow was descried from the mast-head. Sail was made, and after an hour's chase it became evident that the native craft was running for the land. No attention was paid to three blank charges from a 68-pounder; the Daphne increased her speed, and at 6.15 she ran alongside her prize. She was found to be crowded with slaves, and Lieutenant Henderson, with an armed boat's crew, took charge. Two hundred and twenty-five slaves, many suffering from dysentery, were starving in the hold, and had to be lifted out and at once served with water. These unfortunate wretches were shipped at the Umpizo river, a few miles south of the town of Mozambique, and were started for Madagascar with only two days' provisions on board. Light winds and calms prolonged the voyage to eight days, so that the miseries endured are indescribable. Many of the women and children were so emaciated by want and cramped in their limbs as to be unable to stand upright. Every care was taken of the slaves—who are all Makuas from the coast between Mozambique and Angoxa—on board the Daphne, and on the 14th proceeeded to Mozambique to land them in charge of the Union Company's agent, under an arrangement made some months ago. But the acting agent for the company was indisposed to take any responsibility on his shoulders, and Captain Foot was obliged reluctantly, after filling up water and coal, to sail with all the slaves on board, and pick up his boats left to guard the north-west coast of Madagascar before returning to Zanzibar. Misfortunes follow one another, for on the afternoon of the Daphne's departure a cyclone was encountered, the vortex of which was passed through at 8.30 p.m. A quartermaster was swept overboard and drowned, and the sufferings of the unfortunate slaves were, of course, greatly increased by frightful weather and long exposure. Though every care was taken of the sick and feeble, dysentery carried off victims daily, until the 28th, when Zanzibar was reached. The slaves were at once taken in charge by Captain Prideaux, her Majesty's Consul-General, who alloted to both the English and French missions as many of the poor children as they were able to receive. Many still remain under the medical charge of Dr. Robb, and Captain Elton selected those who were in the best health to begin life anew in the colony of Natal. The Macuas are highly prized as domestic slaves at Zanzibar, being considered a hard-working and faithful race. All are happy and contented, and fully understand their future lot, which has been carefully explained in their own language to them."

Thunderstorm in Natal.

An extract from a letter by Mr. Dunn, the geologist, now on a special exploring expedition to the Transvaal, published in the *Cape Argus* of the 5th of May, gives the following description of a thunder and hail storm which he experienced at Pietermaritzburg, on the 17th of April: "About 4.25 in the afternoon I was walking with a friend up —— street, when suddenly the wind began to blow the dust about. At the same time I observed that the S.W. portion of the sky was filled with an exceedingly black cloud, contracting upwards to a point. Presently a few drops fell, then heavier ones, and then solitary great lumps of ice. On the sight of these we dashed under an iron verandah, and none too soon. A loud rushing sound came from the south-west, and eventually hailstones, liberally mingled with great masses of ice of very irregular forms, poured down with great violence. The hailstones were seldom less than one inch in diameter; the average was from one and a half to two inches in diameter. These were of very regular spherical form, and consisted of a nucleus of white snow, with an envelope of hard transparent ice. Sometimes they presented, when broken through, a concentric arrangement of zones, alternately white and opaque and transparent. The irregular masses were formed of a nucleus generally longer in one direction than the others, from two to four inches in diameter; projecting all over were stalactites, each one about the thickness of a little finger, and presenting, when broken across, an agate-like structure, as though segregation had built them up. Of these masses I weighed a few, with the following results: Three weighed over 8oz., two over 6oz., and one over 4oz. The last, which was the largest, I found myself, and was weighed some time after the storm was over. Those below were weighed by others, but I saw some, and know the others are right from the persons who took the weights. One weighed 7½oz., one 8oz., and one 6oz. This last was weighed fully 15 minutes after the storm had ceased, and had suffered much from melting. It was an irregular mass, with projections all over it. The storm raged with fury for seven or eight minutes, the great lumps could be distinguished as they descended, and then, as they fell on the road, they broke into fragments, scattering all around. In about two minutes from the commencement the whole road was completely covered, and appeared as though covered with snow. The damage was enormous. On many roofs fully half the tiles were broken, not merely cracked, but very frequently the masses went right through into the houses. None have escaped. Fortunately for windows, there was no wind, or the damage would have been much heavier. Many of the corrugated iron roofs are dented all over, and have a pock-marked aspect, while some corrugated iron roofs are completely riddled; the stones went right through, as though they had but paper to encounter. I have made a point of examining the iron roofs, and therefore can vouch for the above. The mischief done will not be covered by £2000, or anything like that sum."

Great Forest Fires.

America has been visited by great forest fires which have devastated vast tracts of country. Fifteen miles north of Winona, on the Jackson, Lansing, and Saginaw Railroad, a fire completely blockaded the road with fallen trees, and also destroyed 1,000,000 feet of lumber owned by Lindsey and Co.

Heavy fires were reported on the Cedar River, Midland County, and the lumber camp of Moore and Smith, consisting of tents, harness, sleighs, houses, and out-buildings, was completely destroyed. Nothing was saved. The men had barely time to escape themselves.

The destruction of timber in this section appears to be greater than in 1871, owing to the large amount of timber killed. The fires in Isabella County are reported to be quite extensive, and much valuable timber was being destroyed.

In the vicinity of Ausable heavy fires are reported, but no considerable damage has yet been done. The fire near Haverhill, on the lake Huron shore, is reported to have destroyed a large quantity of hogs owned by Moore and Alger. Fires in the neighbourhood of Flint and along the line of the Port Huron and Lake Michigan Railroad are reported, and in many places the farmers had been fighting the fire for days.

The Lost Letter.

I'm Aunty Alison. Josiah Alison is my husband. We keep the Shingleport Post-office and a shop, and sell groceries, calico, shoes, and medicines, like other folks in our line, when anybody asks for 'em.

When a ship comes in, and the sailors come home to their wives and mothers, trade grows brisk. The housekeepers do their best, and the eggs, and butter, and cheese go off finely, and it's worth while to lay in ribbons for the girls, and smoking tobacco and long pipes for the men.

Jack and his wages make old Shingleport brisk for a while, but at last he sails away, and all the women seem to ask for will-be letters—letters, letters, letters, when they have a right to expect them, and when they haven't, all the same.

It's "Please, Aunty Alison, look over them and see if there aren't one for me;" and it's "Please, Uncle Alison, it might have got mixed up and overlooked somehow;" often and often—God help the poor souls!—after Jack lies at the bottom of the sea, and nothing will ever reach them but the news of his shipwreck. But plenty of letters come after all, and sometimes we have to read them for the folks, Josiah and I, and so we get to know something of their lives.

Maggy More could read and write herself, but still I always knew when she had a letter from Bill Bowline. I knew it by the handwriting, and I knew it by her blushes, and by that happy look in her face. When he came home, she bought ribbons and bits of lace by the apronful; and I knew where the packages of candy that he bought were to go. And I used to keep Josiah from fishing down in Wheeler's cove of afternoons, because I knew that was where Maggy and Bill liked to walk. Courting time comes but once in a lifetime, and I always like to see it prosper.

At last he sailed away, second mate of the Golden Dove; and when he came back from that voyage, they were to be married.

It was a sad day when that ship sailed. Mrs. Captain Rawdon and her girls were crying on the shore. Twenty women from Shingleport and five from the Hill were there to see her set sail.

It was a grim, gray day, and the voyage was to be a long one.

It was under our old chestnut that Bill took Maggy to his breast.

"Don't fret, darling!" he said. "I'll come back safe and sound. I couldn't drown now; I've too much to live for."

Poor boy! in spite of that, the Golden Dove went down in mid-seas, and only three men reached Shingleport to tell how Captain Rawdon and the rest were lost, at dead of night, in a most woeful storm.

Captain Kincaid brought the news up to Mrs. Rawdon. He stopped at our shop to tell about it. A nice old man. A bachelor still, at fifty-eight, and as handsome, with his white hair and red cheeks, as a picture.

That was twelve months ago, the night I went into the shop to sort things out, as I always did Saturday nights. Through the week Josiah used to get everything mixed up—letters in my tea boxes, candles in the letter-box, eggs where they oughtn't to be, and all the place askew. It was a warm autumn night, and Captain Kincaid's vessel was in port, and we had plenty of custom. Josiah served the people while I tidied up. I found half the last mail in a sugar box, and clothes pins in the ground coffee canister, and I just dumped them out.

"Gather up your letters, Josiah," said I. "What possesses you, old man?"

And he laughed and piled 'em up. And I made a vow to myself that I'd keep the sugar box full after that, so that he shouldn't use it for the mail.

I had twenty-four pounds of sugar known as "coffee crushed," because it was prepared especially to use in coffee. That was the finest sugar Shingleport Hill folks often bought, though I had a little cut and powdered by me, in case Mrs. Rawdon, or Mrs. Dr. Speer, or the minister's lady should send in; and I took the paper up and tilted it over the japanned box, pouring it in in a nice smooth stream, when who should come running into the shop but Maggy More. She was not dressed carefully, and her eyes were red with crying.

She asked for some tea, and while Josiah was weighing it she whispered to me:

"Oh! Aunty Alison, have you looked to-day? Isn't there a letter from Bill? He said he couldn't die. I don't feel as if he could. Mightn't he write, after all? Do look."

"My pet," says I, "it's a year ago that the Golden Dove went down. It isn't likely. And he don't let those live that want to always. It isn't likely, dear, but I'll look."

I took the letters in my hand one by one. Many of them would make hearts glad before the shutters were up that night; but none for Maggy. It couldn't be expected, of course.

I told her so; but I took her into my little back parlour, and made her sit down there.

I talked as good as I could to her; but what good does talking do?

"Oh, Aunty," says she, "I know it seems as if I was a fool; but I waked up hoping this morning. I don't believe he is gone. I can't, I can't."

"When baby died—the only one we ever had—I thought I never should believe it," said I. "But I had Josiah; and you have your mother and sister, Maggy."

At that she burst into tears, and put her head down on my knee.

"I must tell you," said she. "They want me to marry Captain Kincaid. He's courting me. He fell in love with me the night he brought the news to Mrs. Captain Rawdon; I was there sewing, and heard it all. Oh, how cruel to fall in love with a poor girl at such a time! And he asks me to be his wife. And mother and Fanny shall always have a home, he says. And you know how poor we are. And they're angry at me for saying No. And how can I, how can I, when my heart is in the sea with Billy?"

"Captain Kincaid!" I said, and I couldn't say any more; she took my breath away. She was a nice, pretty girl; but the captain was rich, elegant, and stylish. An old family he came of, too. It was an honour for Maggy More.

"Not just yet," said I, after a while. "Perhaps you'll feel better. He's old, I know, but he's a splendid man."

"You too!" said she. "You too! Nobody understands. It isn't as if I had made up my mind, like all the rest. Bill will always be a living man to my mind. I don't think any one ever loved but me. Nobody understands—nobody."

I kissed her, and coaxed her; and I said no word about her changing her mind; but for all that I kept thinking of it in a kind of maze.

"Captain Kincaid! such a gentleman as that! Old as he was, could she fail to see the honour?"

But when I told Josiah, says he:

"Bless me! a young, pretty girl like Maggy! Why don't he go after some widder, or an oldish 'ooman? Maggy is too young for him. Poor Bill! What a pity! They just suited each other.'

I couldn't help it though. Mrs. Captain Kincaid would have things Maggy More could never dream of: silk dresses and velvet cloaks, jewellery, and stuffed chairs in her best rooms, like Mrs. Captain Rawdon. She might have a carriage too, and a pair of ponies. And I liked Maggy, and wouldn't have envied her her luck one bit; and I didn't wonder at Mrs. More and Fanny.

Once having given me her confidence, Maggy didn't stop; and Mrs More came over to talk about it too, until at last I fairly up and sided with the old lady.

"Maggy," says I, "Bill has gone, and you aren't his widow, to wear weeds all your life—not that many do, if they can help it, seems to me—and Captain Kincaid is as good as man can be, and you'll be happy with him. You can't help loving him as much as there's any need to love."

After that she stopped talking much to me. She used to give me strange looks, though. I knew all about it. I knew that her heart was in the sea; but Bill was gone, and why should she refuse what providence offered?

The captain stayed at the port three months, and at last we worried her into promising to be his wife—old Mrs. More, Fanny, and I. She just gave up at last.

"It don't matter much, after all," she said. "I must be going out of my mind, for I never can stop watching and hoping. I shall die soon, I suppose, whether I marry or not."

After that she never spoke of Bill, and Mrs. More told me she was engaged; and she wore a diamond ring upon her finger. And the day before the ship sailed she was to marry Captain Kincaid, so that she might go to Canada with him.

A year and three months since the Golden Dove went down. Well, no one can tell what changes a little while will bring. I used to hope that I hadn't had much hand in it after all, when I thought it over, and remembered poor Bill, and how he took her in his arms under the chestnut tree.

But then, you see, Mrs. More's sight had failed, so that she couldn't do fine sewing, and Fanny wasn't of much account except to look at. It was a hard life that lay before Maggy. It was good for her to marry Captain Kincaid, and have rest and comfort; wasn't it?

"To-morrow is the wedding," said I to Josiah. "It's going to be in the church. Miss Salsbury is finishing my silver-grey poplin. It sets splendid. We'll have Ben Barnes in to keep shop, and go, won't we? You'll like to see Maggy off, won't you?"

"I wish it was Bill Bowline," says Josiah.

"Poor Bill!" says I, and I went on tidying, though it was a Friday. I should be so busy next day. I got out my big paper of sugar, and I got down my japanned sugar box, never empty yet since that day I filled it up. And then Josiah, sorting the letters, looks up at me.

"Never begrudged you anything so much as I do that box," says he. "Best thing I ever put the mail into. This here wooden thing with a slide is a horrid bother."

"Law me!" says I, "if I'd knowed you wanted it, you should have had it. I didn't think you had any plan in it; just stick 'em anywhere, I thought you would. I'll empty the box; I've got one that'll do. And I'm glad you spoke before I filled it up."

So with that I spread a big paper on the counter and emptied out the sugar.

It had packed a little, and came out in a sort of cake. There it laid white and shiny, and on top of it, whiter and shinier, laid *a letter*—a letter with a ship mark upon it, and this superscription:

"Miss Maggy More, Shingleport. England."

Three months ago—poor stupid!—I had emptied my best coffee crushed in upon it, and there it was.

Three months ago she had come down to me and asked for a letter, and I'd thought her half crazy; and I'd have given more money than there was in the till to have dared to tear that letter open on the spot and read it, though I knew the hand was Bill Bowline's.

"This can't wait," says I."

"No," says Josiah, "it can't, with that wedding coming off to-morrow."

Then I stopped and thought. Let it lie until it is called for, and she'll be Mrs. Captain Kincaid, with her silks and her velvets, and her fine house and her carriage, all the same. This comes from a shipwrecked sailor, poorer now than when he went away.

"Perhaps I'd better wait until the wedding is over, Josiah," said I.

And my old man came across the room and put his arm around my waist.

"Nancy," says he, "you and I was young folks once. I used to think something was better than money and fine doings then. And though we old folks may get a little hard—though to be up in the world seems so much, and all that old sweetness so silly, why, it will come back sometimes. You remember how he kissed her there under the chestnut; and—Nancy, we couldn't wait until after the wedding, either of us."

I put my arms about Josiah's neck, and I kissed him; and then I got my sun-bonnet and ran over to Mrs. More's.

Captain Kincaid was there. I stood at the door with my letter in my hand.

"Won't you walk in?" says Mrs. More.

"I—I haven't time," says I. "It's only an errand. It's a little singular. Maggy, there's a—a——"

"My letter! my letter!" cried Maggy. "It has come at last!"

How she knew it, Heaven knows. She hadn't had a glimpse of it.

It was the old sailor's story: a shipwreck, a deserted island, wretched months spent in hoping for succour, and a sail at last. A vessel outward bound had picked him up. He would be home in three months.

"Three months!" said Maggy. "Oh, how can I wait?"

And then says I:

"Maggy, forgive a poor old stupid goose. That letter has been lying under my best coffee crushed three months and a day. And there's a vessel in the offing now."

So it *was* Bill, after all; and Josiah and I went to the wedding with happy hearts. And no need to pity Capt. Kincaid either, for he married Fanny More before the year was over.

"Nice weather for corn," said a minister up the North river, to one of his parishioners. "Yes," said the old farmer, "but bad for grain and grass." A few days later they met again. "A fine rain we had yesterday," said the minister; good for grass and grain." "Yes," said the old farmer, "but awful bad for corn."

A man with a well-worn manuscript under his arm remarked that he thought the most dangerous ship on which a man could embark was authorship.

A Song of the Sea.

Caressing old sea!
  Lapping the land
  As the spaniel his sweet lady's hand!
Not always, they say, he is so:
Is he treacherous? No;
  But he has his own way,—
  Let him fondle and play.
When he shows them his teeth in his fun
  Will the pebbles complain?
No, see how they run,
  To meet him again and again.

Idle old Sea!
So still you can hear not his breath—
Not the stillness of death,
  His pulses are true every one—
  His rosy veins full of the sun!
Let him lie at his ease,
And smile in his dreams if he please,
  Though the vessels must wait
  For the monarch reposing so late,
And flutter their white wings and sigh
As the hours go wearily by.

Restless old Sea!
He gnaws at the rocks in his reach,
  He foams on the breakers in heat,
He dashes himself on the beach,
  And flies away vexed with his pain;
  And then he repents him again,
  And comes back and kisses her feet.

Terrible Sea!
When the tempest descends on his path,
He grapples it fierce in his wrath;
He rages in fury relentless and deep;
He sees not the sun, nor the stars in his sweep,
  Until his long passion is spent,
  And his ire is content!
When God lays his hand on his arm,
And bids him be calm,
Like a child he sobs down to his rest,
On the infinite breast!

—*Martha P. Lowe.*

Black Legislators.

Mr. Edward King, in his interesting series of papers on "The Great South" in "Scribner's Monthly," gives the following account of the State House and the transaction of State business at Columbia, the capital of South Carolina: The mammoth building, which yet lacks the stately roof and cupola, some day to be given it, is furnished with a richness and elegance which not even the legislative halls of States an hundred times as rich can equal. In the poorly, constructed and badly-lighted corridors below are the offices of the State officers, the Governor, the Treasurer, the Secretary of State, and the Superintendent of State Schools, and each and all of them are usually filled with coloured people, discussing the issues of the hour. The Secretary of State, a mulatto, has entered the law school at the University, and carries on his double duties very creditably. In the House and Senate the negro element stands out conspicuous. On the occasion of my first visit I was shown into the room of the House Committee on the Judiciary for a few moments. While awaiting the assembling of the honourable members, a coloured gentleman, in a gray slouch hat, and a pair of spectacles, engaged me in conversation, and, as I inquired what was the present question which was exciting the patriotism and sacrifice of the virtuous members, he rolled up his eyes, and with a tragic air, said:

"Dar's a heap o' bizness behin' de Carpet heah, sar."

It was true, in more senses than one.

The House, when I visited it, was composed of eighty-three coloured members, all of whom were Republicans, and forty one whites; the Senate consisted of fifteen coloured men, ten white Republicans, and eight white Democrats. The President of the Senate, and the Speaker of the House, both coloured, were elegant and accomplished men, highly educated, who would have creditably presided over any commonwealth's legislative assembly. In the House the negroes were of a much lower grade, and more obviously ignorant, than in the Senate. They were perpetually preventing the transaction of necessary business by "questions of privilege," and "points of order," of which, sometimes as many as an hundred are raised in a single day. It being an extra session they were endeavouring to make it last until the time for the assembling of the regular one; and their efforts were astonishingly ludicrous. The little knot of white Democrats, massed together in one section of the hall, sat glum and scorntul amid the mass of black speakers, some member only rising now and then to correct an error of "his friend" the coloured man, who might have the floor. But some of the sable brethren were trying to the visitor's patience, even, and after I had heard one young man talk for a half hour upon the important subject of what his constituents would say if he allowed himself to be brow-beaten into an immediate adjournment, it was with difficulty that I could suppress a yawn. This youth said the same thing over and over again; his voice was, from time to time, heard rising above the general hum, reiterating exactly the words which he had said five minutes before. The negro does not allow himself to be abashed by hostile criticism. When he gets a sentence tangled, or cannot follow the thread of his own thought in words, he will gravely open a book, the statutes, or some other ponderous volume lying before him, and, after seeming to consult it for some minutes, will resume. He has been gaining time for a new start. There are men of real force and eloquence among the negroes chosen to the House, but they are the exception. In the Senate there was more of decorum and ability among the members. Several of the coloured senators spoke exceedingly well, and with great ease and grace of manner; others were awkward and lacked refinement. The white members, native and imported, appeared men of talent at least. The black pages ran to and fro, carrying letters and documents to the honourable senators; and a fine-looking quadroon, or possibly octoroon woman, accompanied by an ebony gentleman, were admited to the floor of the Senate, and sat for some time listening to the debates.

Love in a Bouquet.

"See, mother! I've finished my bouquet. Isn't it beautiful? More so, I think, than those made by the florist, and this has not cost me half so much."

"Yes, yes, it is very pretty. But, dear me, child, I cannot help thinking how ill we can spare so much for such a very useless thing. Almost as much as you can make in a day it has cost."

"Don't say *useless*, mother. It will express to Edward our appreciation of his exertions and their result, and our regards. How he has struggled to obtain a profession! I only wish I could cover the platform with bouquets, baskets, and wreaths to-night, when he receives his diploma."

"Well, well; if it will do any good, I shall not mind the expense. But, child, he will know it is from you, and men don't care for such things coming from home folks. Now, if it was from any other young lady, I expect he'd be mightily pleased."

"Oh, mother, I don't think so. Edward will think as much of it, coming from his sister-in-law, as from any other girl. And it will please Kate, too. If *we* do not think enough of him to send him bouquets, who else could? Rest easy, mother, dear; I feel quite sure my bouquet will do much good," answered Annie, putting her bouquet into a glass of water.

She left the room to make her simple toilet for the evening.

Mrs. Grey had been widowed when her two little girls were in their infancy. It had been a hard struggle for the mother to raise her children. Constant toil, privation, and anxiety had worn heavily on her naturally delicate constitution, until she had become a confirmed invalid. But there was no longer a necessity for her toiling. Katy, the elder daughter, was married; and Annie, a loving, devoted girl, could now return the mother's long and loving care. By her needle she obtained a support for herself and mother.

Katy's husband held a position under the government, receiving a small compensation, only sufficient for the necessities of the present, and of very uncertain continuance. He was ambitious of doing better than this for himself, as well as his family. So he employed every spare hour in studying medicine, and it was the night that he was to receive his diploma that my little story begins.

The exercises of the evening were concluded. Edward Roberts came down the aisle to where his wife and Annie were seated, bearing his flowers—an elegant basket, tastefully arranged, and a beautiful bouquet. But it needed only a quick glance for Annie to see it was not *her* bouquet. Although the flowers were fragrant and rare, they were not so carefully selected or well chosen. Hers expressed not only her affection and appreciation, but *his* energy, perseverance, and success.

"Why, where is my bouquet? I do not see it," asked Annie, a look of disappointment on her usually bright face.

"Yours? I do not know. Did you send me one?" returned her brother-in-law.

"Indeed, I did. And such a beauty too! It is too bad! I suppose it is the result of the stupidity of the young man in whose hands I placed it. I told him plain enough it was for you, and your name, with mine, was on the card," answered Annie, really very much provoked.

"Well, do not fret, little sister; I am just as much obliged; and perchance some poor fellow not so fortunate as I may have received it," answered Edward Roberts.

"Don't, for pity's sake, let mother know of the mistake, or whatever it is, that has robbed you of your bouquet. She will fret dreadfully about it," said Annie.

All that night, until she was lost in sleep, did she constantly repeat:

"I wonder who has got it?"

She had failed to observe on the list of graduates the name of *Edgar Roberts*, from Leamington, or she might have had an idea into whose hands her bouquet had fallen. Her brother Edward, immediately on hearing Annie's exclamation, thought how the mistake had occurred, and was really glad that it was as it was; for the young man whose name was so nearly like his own was a stranger in the city, and Edward had noticed his receiving *one* bouquet only, which of course was the missing one, and Annie's.

Edgar Roberts sat in his room that night, after his return from the distribution of diplomas, holding in his hand Annie's bouquet, and on the table beside him was a floral dictionary. An expression of gratification was on his pleasant face, and, as again and again his eyes turned from the flowers to seek their interpreter, his lips were wreathed with smiles, and he murmured low:

"Annie Grey! Sweet Annie Grey! I never dreamed of any one in this place knowing or caring enough for me to send such a tribute. How carefully these flowers are chosen! What a charming, appreciative little girl she is! Pretty, I know, of course. I wonder how she came to send me this? How shall I find her? Find her I must, and know her."

And Edgar Roberts fell asleep to dream of Annie Grey, and awoke in the morning whispering the last words of the night before:

"Sweet Annie Grey!"

During the day he found it quite impossible to fix his mind on his work; mind and heart were both occupied with thoughts of Annie Grey. And so it continued to be until Edgar Roberts was really in love with a girl he knew not, nor had ever seen. To find her was his fixed determination. But how delicately he must go about it. He could not make inquiry among his gentleman acquaintances without speculations arising, and a name sacred to him then passed from one to another, lightly spoken perhaps. Then he bethought himself of the City Directory; he would consult that. And so doing, he found Greys innumerable—some in elegant, spacious dwellings, some in the business thoroughfares of the place. The young ladies of the first mentioned, he thought, living in fashionable life, surrounded by many admirers, would scarcely think of bestowing any token of regard or appreciation on a poor unknown student. The next would have but little time to devote to such things; and time and thought were both being spent in the arrangement of his bouquet. Among the long list of Greys he found one that attracted him more than all the others—a widow, living in a quiet part of the city, quite near his daily route. So he sought and found the place and exact number. Fortune favoured him. Standing at the door of a neat little villa, he beheld a young girl talking with two little children. She was not the blue eyed, golden-haired girl of his dreams, but a sweet, earnest, dove-eyed darling. And what cared he whether her eyes were blue or brown, if her name were only Annie? Oh, how could he find out that?

She was bidding the little one's "good-bye." They were off from her, on the side-walk, when the elder child—a bright, laughing boy of five—sang out, kissing his little dimpled hand:

"Good bye, Annie, darling."

Edgar Roberts felt as if he would like to clasp the little fellow to the heart he had relieved of all anxiety. No longer a doubt was in his mind. He had found his Annie Grey.

From that afternoon, twice every day, he passed the villa of the widow Grey, frequently seeing sweet Annie. This, however, was his only reward. She never seemed at all conscious of his presence. Often her eyes would glance carelessly towards him. Oftener they were never raised from her work. Sewing by the window she always was.

What next? How to proceed, on his fixed determination of winning her, if possible?

Another bright thought. He felt pretty sure she attended church somewhere—perhaps had a class in the Sunday school. So the next Sunday morning, at an early hour, he was commanding a view of Annie's home. When the school bells commenced to ring, he grew very anxious. A few moments, and the door opened, and the object of his thoughts stepped forth. How beautiful she looked in her pretty white suit. Now Edgar felt his cause was in the ascendancy. Some distance behind, and on the other side of the street, he followed, ever keeping her in view, until he saw her enter a not far distant church. Every Sunday after found him an attentive listener to the Rev. Mr. Ashton, who soon became aware of the presence of the young gentleman so regularly, and apparently so much interested in the services. So the good man sought an opportunity to speak to Edgar, and urge his accepting a charge in the Sunday school. We can imagine Edgar needed no great urging on that subject; so frequently he stood near his Annie. In the library, while selecting books for their pupils, once or twice they had met, and he had handed to her the volume for which her hand was raised. Of course a smile, and bow of acknowledgment, and thanks rewarded him.

Edgar was growing happier, and more confident of final success every week, when an event came which promised a speedy removal of all difficulty in his path. The school was going to have a picnic. Then and there he would certainly have an introduction to Annie, and after spending a whole day with her, he would accompany her home and win the privilege of calling often.

The day of the picnic dawned brightly, and the happy party gathered on the deck of the steamer. The first person who met Edgar Roberts' eye was his fellow-student, Edward Roberts. Standing beside him were two ladies and some children. When Edgar hastened up to speak to his friend, the ladies turned, and Edward presented:

"My wife; my sister, Miss Grey."

Edgar Roberts could scarcely suppress an exclamation of joy and surprise. His looks fully expressed how delighted he was.

Three months had he been striving for this, which, if he had only known it, could have been obtained so easily through his friend and her brother. But what was so difficult to win was the more highly prized. What a happy day it was!

Annie was all he had believed her—charming in every way. Edgar made a confidant of his friend: told him what Edward well knew before, but was wise enough not to explain the mistake—of his hopes and fears; and won from the prudent brother the promise to help him all he could.

Accompanying Annie home that evening, and gaining her permission for him to call again, Edgar lost no time in doing so, and often repeated the call.

Perhaps Annie thought him very fast in his wooing, and precipitate in declaring his love, when, after only a fortnight visiting her, he said:

"Annie, do you like me well enough, and trust in me sufficiently, to allow me to ask your mother to call me her son?"

Either so happy or so surprised was Annie, that she could not speak just then. But roses crowded over her fair face, and she did not try to withdraw the hand he had clasped.

"Say, Annie, love," he whispered. She raised her eyes to his with such a strange, surprised look in them, that he laughed, and said:

"You think I am very hasty, Annie. You don't know how long I've loved you, and have waited for this hour!"

"Long!—two weeks," she said.

"Why, Annie, darling, it is over three months since I've been able to think of anything save Annie Grey—ever since the night I received my diploma, and your sweet, encouraging bouquet. Since that night I've known and loved you. And how I've worked for this hour!"

And then he told her how it was. And when he had finished, she looked at him, her eyes dancing merrily, and though she tried hard to keep the little rose-bud of a mouth demurely shut, it was no use—it would open and let escape a rippling laugh, as she said:

"And this is the work my bouquet went about, is it? This is the good it has done me——" She hesitated; the roses deepened their colour as she continued: "And you——"

"Yes, Annie, it has done much good to me, and I hope to you too."

"But, Edgar"—it was the first time she had called him thus, and how happy it made him—"I must tell you the truth—I never sent you a bouquet!"

"No! Oh, do not say so. Can there be another such Annie Gray?"

"No; I am the one who sent the bouquet; but, Edgar, you received it through a mistake. It was intended for my brother-in-law, Edward!"

"Stop, Annie, a moment. Are you sorry that mistake was made? Do you regret it?" said Edgar, his voice filled with emotion.

"No, indeed, I am very glad you received it instead," Annie ingenuously replied; adding quickly: "But please do not tell Edward I said so."

"No, no; I will not tell him that you care a little more for *Edgar* than *Edward*. Is that it? May I think so, Annie?"

She nodded her head, and he caught her to his heart, whispering:

"Mine at last. My Annie, darling! What a blessed mistake it was! May I go to your mother, Annie?"

"Yes; and I'll go with you, Edgar, and hear if she will admit those flowers did any good. She thought it a useless expenditure."

The widow Grey had become very much attached to the kind, attentive, young man; and when he came with Annie, and asked her blessing on their love, she gave it willingly; and after hearing all about the way it happened, she said:

"Never did flowers such a good work before. They carried Edgar to church, made a Christian of him, and won for Annie a good, devoted husband, and for me an affectionate son."

Anecdote of Ducrow.—Ducrow, the famous equestrian, was an eccentric, kind-hearted man. He used to give his people a *fête* at Blackwall every year. Bunn was with him on one occasion, and the two sat at a window of the hotel to see the party arrive in boats. "Do you find your fellows honest?" inquired Bunn. "Oh, no," replied Ducrow; "but no matter for that; we get on pretty well. I used to find them bowing civilly at the commencement of the season, but always stiff as grenadiers when they passed me towards its close. On examining into it, I found each man going out with a plank of my wood up along his back under his clothes. That kind of thing is now stopped. But see there now—these fellows coming rowing up in their shirts; I have no doubt that these shirts are made of my banners." (Banners are cotton sheets with inscriptions on them to inform the audience of circumstances necessary for them to know in the progress of the pantomime.) "See, now," continued Ducrow—"see them raising their oars as they land; and look at that fellow's shirt, with 'She Dies at Sunset' under his arm."

News Miscellany.

The Fastest Steamer Afloat.—A passage across the Atlantic recently made by the new Inman steamer, City of Richmond, proves her claims to be one of the finest and fastest steamers running between the Old World and the New. She left Sandy Hook one Sunday afternoon at half-past one o'clock, and past the Fastnet at half-past four p.m. on the following Monday week. Allowing for the difference of time between the two points, it will be seen that the City of Richmond made the trip in something less than seven days and twenty-three hours. This is not an exceptional case, for the fine vessel alluded to has already made many remarkably short voyages.

A Duel to the Death.—The Brussels correspondent of the *Globe* writes: "The funeral of M. Lehembre, who was unfortunately killed in the recent duel with M. Fontainas, as mentioned in the *Globe* of the 30th ult., took place in Brussels, and was attended by an immense crowd of persons, who very strongly expressed their disapproval of the presence at the funeral of the brother of the deceased, owing to the peculiar circumstances of the case. In justification of M. Fontainas the following particulars ought to be mentioned—viz, that, being a first-rate shot, he had in the first instance expressed to his seconds his intention of firing in the air, but afterwards, when M. Lehembre insisted that it should be 'a duel to the death,' and that after three shots with pistols they should fight with swords, M. Fontainas, in self-defence, naturally endeavoured to wound and disable his adversary, but without any wish whatever to kill him. M. Fontainas had previously settled a sum of £2000 upon the lady who was the unfortunate cause of the duel, as referred to by other journals. It is a case which has caused very great excitement here."

Lead Strippers in Paris.—A band of thieves in Paris have revived an old style of robbery. Dressed up as working men, they arrive with a cart in front of a building, and proceed to strip the roof of its zinc or leaden covering, during the absence of the landlord. The roofs of the church of St Philippe-du-Roule, the Theatre-du-Chatelet, and other buildings have been thus operated on in broad daylight. No less than 10,000 kilogrammes of covering have been stolen within the past few days. The police are said to have caught the band while in the act of "working" at an uninhabited mansion on the outer Boulevards.

Pony Racing and Fiddle-de-Wink.—The singular delight of mankind is being bamboozled by such devices, the ever renewed confidence wherewith men return to try their skill against the unerring sleight of hand of the charlatan, form really curious studies, as might have been judged by any visitor to the Salford Borough Police-court after the races. The police brought up in succession a whole file of sharpers, thimble-riggers, and similar tricksters, who had been fleecing the frequenters of the course just as if they were sheep who could not help going through a thorn bush, and leaving their wool on it. One man sat on the ground, and laid odds that no one could pick out a card from the three he held in his hand after he had shuffled them. Another had a box and dice. A third played at "pony racing," which was accomplished by means of a board with pegs and balls. People were induced to bet that one ball should reach the bottom first, and of course the prisoner made his own ball win. A fourth distinguished himself by playing what, in the report, is styled the "well-known game of fiddle-de-wink," but which we humbly confess is so far unknown to us, that we have no notion with what instruments of cheating it is performed. Lastly, there were brought into court a whole tribe of card-sharpers, each with his "cut and shuffle" and particular trick. Corresponding to each impostor there were half-a-dozen dupes to bear witness against him, and depose that he had cheated them out of half-a-crown or five shillings, as the case may be. Would not an appropriate costume for such poor gulls on their next appearance on a race-course be a cap and bells?

The Cardiff Giant.—That extraordinary fraud or remarkable antiquity, the Cardiff Giant, has turned up again. The Boston *Herald* having stated that the aforesaid giant had been sold in New Orleans for the insignificant sum of eight dols., the proprietor of the giant has brought an action to recover considerable damages. He says that the giant has not been sold in New Orleans or anywhere else for eight dols., or any other money—that he is now and has long been in Fitchburg, Mass.—that he is worth 50,000 dols.—that he isn't a fraud, but a "colossal monolith"—that a purchaser for 30,000 dols., scared by this newspaper article, has backed out—that he, the proprietor of the aforesaid giant, has thus suffered great loss, trouble, cost, damage, and general botheration. We trust that this case will come to trial and will be thoroughly tried. It cannot be denied that a great many learned and intelligent people believed in the giant, and it will be satisfactory to have his pretensions to antiquity passed upon by a jury. If the case only takes a proper turn and the right witnesses are summoned, it will not only be an entertaining but an instructive one. So we beg that it may go on.

Shooting down Convicts.—The central wilds of Dartmoor were recently the scene of an unusual exploit. The convicts from Prince Town Prison work in gangs among the surrounding hills, cultivating land. One morning, a sudden fog came down from Tors, and the convicts were summoned to return. While being mustered, three men, probably by preconcerted arrangement, made their escape. As they went in three different directions, and were hidden by the fog, their chances of getting off seemed easy, but they calculated in ignorance of the elaborate arrangements for such emergencies. Instantly the convicts were all hurried home and secured, and alarm-bells were rung, signal guns were fired, and the whole force of warders, some mounted, and others on foot, were hurried out in pursuit, telegrams being meantime sent by private wires to Plymouth and Tavistock, and Horrabridge. The escaped men had gained a good start, however, and the fog favoured them. After three or four hours, one was sighted, and on refusing to halt was fired at, wounded, and dropped. Another was captured not long after among the tors, but had to be brought down by a rifle ball before he would surrender. The third was not come up with until late in the afternoon, having displayed great endurance and agility in getting away several miles over rocks and tors, eschewing, of course, the high road. He attempted to resist the warder who first approached him, and it was only when quite disabled and dangerously hurt by rifle balls that he was secured. Those who know this mountainous region will appreciate somewhat the excitement of the chase and the difficulty of the capture.

Mary Jane Giving a Bit of Her Mind.—The *Pall-mall Gazette* gives publicity to the following wholesome rebuke to a mistress who had in an unguarded moment suggested to a newly engaged housemaid that the railway station at which she would arrive was "only a short walk" from the house, and that a "donkey-cart would be sent for her luggage:" "Madam,—I received yr letter and the characters quite safe, but when i come to read at the end of your sending a donkey-cart to meet me i feel horror-striken; it as entirely set me against the place, and what with the donkey-cart and the restriction on dress i fear that i shall never be able to abide to your rules, for i have never gone without rings in my ears since i was 4 year old. Difrent other little things i have thought it over seriously since i sent yr letter away, and when i went to Lady ——s to live the coachman and groom were both sent to meet me with a splendid spring cart, and when i went to Mrs. ——s to live the carriage was sent to the station to meet me and the under-housemaid and a cab was ordered to take our luggage. i never heard anything so poverty-striken as sending a donkey-cart, i am quite took against the place, and if i come i should never do myself any good, and then it would only be giving Mrs. ——s a bad name, and puting you to a great expense and also puting you out of the way to be changing again so soon, altho i always dress very neat and plain but at the same time i do not like to be under restrictions as to what I may be alowed to wear and what i may not and i think it much better for me to be candid, i am Madam your Humbly servant Mary Jane——."

"Gretna Green" on the Berlin Stage.—A pantomimic ballet by the celebrated Paul Taglioni, entitled *Gretna Green*, has been received with much applause in Berlin, the plot being a very comical one. The smith of Gretna Green was well known during the last and the beginning of this century for clandestinely uniting couples, unable to receive the consent of their parents. The chief attraction of this ballet is the bringing on the smith himself the same vexation he usually inflicted on other parents. Pretty, the daughter of the smith, is in love with a young Highland shepherd named Williams. The smith refuses to give his consent to the marriage; but, nevertheless, by a clever substitution of the one couple for the other about to be married, he unites without his knowledge, or will, his daughter and her lover. The pleasant Scotch landscapes, with mountain and lake, and the smithy in the foreground, added to the Highland costume in pretty contrast to the grandeur of the gentry, besides the tasteful arrangements, groups and dances introduced by Taglioni, all tend to heighten the effect of the comical ballet.

Parisian Wit.—The new French Ministry continues to afford a subject for the exercise of Parisian wit, but jocose journalists have made such good use of their time during its short existence that they now feel obliged to introduce their latest gibes as positively the last. The last "but one" is not bad. A dentist met one of his patients on the boulevard. "Well," said he, accosting him, "do you think it will hold?" "Well, I hope so." "I am afraid it is not very secure." "Yes, it is; it works very well." "I fear that, at the first shock . . ." "Out of the question; it is so firmly settled that to overthrow it . . ." "Why, what are you talking about?" "And you?" "Why of the Ministry!" "And I thought you were speaking of my set of teeth."

Punning at the Antipodes.—An Australian paper has the following: I observe that a reverend visitor to the colony has been delivering a sermon with candles for his text. Had he taken kerosine instead his discourse might have been fairly termed a text-ile fabric; but even the subject he selected was susceptible of much flexibility of treatment. We are told that "candles of every sort, colour, and size, lit and unlit, and in all descriptions of candlesticks, protected or otherwise, and in lanterns or uncovered, were shown as emblems of Christian work and life, and as typifying failures or successes of members and Churches." In pursuance of this whimsical idea, I presume that the usuage of immersion was illustrated by dips, and that of flagellation by w(h)ax. The pilgrim's progress would be readily suggested by Palmer's candles; the situation of Moses "when the candle went out" would be a suitable object of enquiry; and it might be shown how the great light of a candel-abra(ha)m was naturally followed by the eyes-ache. Every variety of light would of course suggest the fate of the wick-ed; the evils of intoxication might be illustrated by the rapid guttering of a candle when under the influence of draughts, leading to the early development of a "winding-sheet;" the abuse of tobacco would perhaps be exemplified by a pair of dirty snuffers; a thief in the candle would be a palpable and fertile theme for moralising, and the audience might be fitly shown the intimate connection between useful lights and good livers. Since matches are said to be made in heaven, surely candles may be taken as a suitable topic for a sermon, and the only objection that occurs to me is that illnatured critics might say that it was (s) candle-ous to do so. To this the lecture itself was the best answer, the report tells us the audience went away de-lighted.

Attempted Murder through Jealousy.—An attempt at murder, caused by jealousy, was, says *Galignani*, made by M. Henri Marie l'Isle, aged 28, a brother of the three actresses, Galli-Marié, the classic "Mignon;" Irma, the creatrix of "Fleur de Thé;" and Paola, the Clairette of the "Fille de la Mère Angot." The whole family descend from the famous author of the "Marseillaise." Henri is a married man, but suspecting his wife's infidelity, had separated from her, and nourished projects of vengeance against her on that score. Having reason to suppose that she would pass along the Rue Prony late in the evening, he took his station at a café at the corner of the Boulevard de Courcelles, and soon after eleven perceived her coming in that direction. He rushed out and seized her by the arm, and a violent altercation ensued. On the arrival of police agents, who attempted to arrest him, he started from them, and, drawing out a poignard, struck at his wife a violent blow, which pierced her right arm. He then took to flight, but was arrested just as he was entering the house of his sister Paola. On being interrogated he declared that he had intended to kill his wife and then to poison himself. He was removed to prison.

Roasted and Fricasseed Rats.—"Things we have eaten" is an amusing account by Mr. Hardy of dinner adventurers or wild feats in the way of eating horseflesh, bear, donkey, and rats. "With one more Cambridge experiment," he says, "we will close these remarks. It is but a few weeks ago that a hamper of twelve fine rats arrived at a certain college kitchen. They had been killed the day before, on the pulling down of a wheat-stack, so that they had been clean feeders, and they were all plump and comely to look at. The three largest, which were veritable monsters, were selected for roasting, while the rest were to be made into a *fricassée*. At the appointed time a party of six sat down to test their merits. After soup and fish the head waiter, with an expression of pity not unmingled with contempt, brought in the roast. Half a rat, which had been carefully wrapt in bacon previous to roasting, was served to each. It was a trying moment, but the plunge was taken and the first mouthful elicited the remarks: 'Well, at all events it's not nasty;' 'No, indeed, it's a great deal better than rabbit;' 'I call it very fair eating.'"

Racing Lotteries.—In former years a great lottery on the result of the Derby was anually drawn in Calcutta, when sums varying from ten thousand pounds downwards were presented to the fortunate drawers of the first three horses. The rapid development of this gigantic affair at last attracted the attention of the Government of Bengal, and led to the suppression of racing lotteries within two hundred miles of Fort William, the extent of its jurisdiction. But the summary edict appears only to have removed this gambling organisation to the North-West Provinces. The latest issue of the *Indian Civil and Military Gazette* contains an advertisement setting forth the attractions of "The Umbrella Great English Derby Sweeps, 1874." The chief of these is a lottery of one thousand tickets, at £10 each, giving an aggregate prize list of £10,000. Out of this sum 5 per cent., or £500, will be paid to the Umbrella Race Fund, and 8 per cent., or £800, is to be divided among those who draw horses actually starting, leaving £8700 for the holders of the first three horses past the post. The winner will take two-thirds of this residue, or £5800, the second, one-quarter, or £2175, and the third, one-twelfth, or £725. In a second lottery the tickets are only £1 each, but as there is no limit to their number, the prize list will probably equal, if it does not surpass, that previously mentioned.

Vagabonds and Minstrels.—That the time may come (says the *Daily News*) when there will not be a show-booth or a showman to be seen at the Derby, Oaks, or elsewhere, is not only possible, but probable. We have only to take up such a work as Strutt's "Sports and Pastimes" to find how many of these wandering vagabonds and minstrels have disappeared. Our surprise is that so many have survived the conditions of difficulty with which those remaining now struggle for existence. A few have vanished before the white light of culture which has penetrated far and deep enough to abolish, for instance, such an exhibition as a cageful of real wild Irishmen devouring raw meat. The most dense of English peasants or bumpkins, the most credulous of Cockney visitors to Epsom, would not now put sufficient faith in a wonder like this to pay for admission to it. Sheep with six legs still find their way to the Derby, and a journey over the course in search of a learned pig or a double-headed calf might be attended with the enjoyment which awaits a successful quest. Abnormally fat human beings and others of the most meagre anatomical development continue to draw crowds of the curious when their effigies are hung out for advertisement in front of their reception-rooms. Then we have the host of single-handed performers who endeavour to win admiration and a few pence by the employment of their unaided talents; the ingenious contortionist, who seems to have been "boned" for his business; the miserable, gay Barney, with the cudgel, the red waistcoat, and the Irish brogue picked up in his native Bethnal Green; the gentleman who can do everything apparently with half-crowns but keep enough of them together to enable him to retire from the profession of swallowing them, and then being compelled to bring them back again through his ears. The most popular of all the merry-andrews would seem to be the nigger fraternity. They are of comparatively recent origin. They are a moderate development of the troubadours, but retain little of the gentleness or refinement which was supposed to distinguish the students of the joyous science. However, such as they are, they are to be seen chanting and shouting vehemently and eagerly round the carriages at race-courses.

Walking Feat and Failure.—A pedestrian named Edward Payson Weston has been attempting to walk 500 miles within six days at the hall of the American Institute, New York, but only succeeded in getting through 430 miles, with 5 minutes 46 seconds to spare. As it was obvious that the remaining 70 miles of the distance could not be accomplished in this small margin, Weston prudently gave up the task, and his attempt was, therefore, a failure. He succeeded, however, in walking 115 miles in 24 hours, a feat supposed to be unequalled by any other pedestrian. He also succeeded in exhibiting wonderful powers of endurance, walking at the rate of five miles an hour during the last portion of the sixth day of his effort. He, unfortunately, on the first day of his long walk, wrinkled the stocking on his left foot, thus making a very painful sore, which did not add to the comfort of the journey. So great was the crowd on the last day of the attempt that little could be seen of Weston, except as he almost flew by the judge's stand; but his progress could be told at all times by the cheers and waving of handkerchiefs which followed him round the hall "in one continuous wave of applause." When his physicians decided that he should stop at the end of the 430th mile Weston sank into a chair exhausted and entirely overcome. He was then carried by the police with difficulty through the crowd and put to bed, where he immediately fell asleep. The time he occupied in actually walking the 430 miles was 98 hours 28 minutes, the average time per mile 14 minutes 44 seconds, and the "quickest mile" was one accomplished in 9 minutes 30 seconds.

A Lighthouse on the Corbiere Rock.—For many years it has been proposed to erect a lighthouse on the Corbière Rock, on the south-western point of the Island of Jersey. The mail packets, which make the passage for England to the Islands in the most stormy weather, never ventured to round the Corbière after night had fallen, there being no guide to indicate the proximity of the dangerous rocks. Eighteen months ago the States of Jersey, after a considerable loss of time had been incurred in a dispute with the Trinity-house as to the maintenance of a light on the Corbière, decided to erect a lighthouse, and instructed Sir John Coode, under whom the new harbour works at Jersey are being carried out, to superintend the work. The lighthouse has been successfully completed, and is now lighted permanently. It stands on an elevated rock about five hundred yards from the mainland, and is surrounded on all sides by vast rocky beds, which extend a considerable distance seaward. The building is entirely of Portland cement concrete blocks, and is the first of the kind which has been so constructed. The top of the rock on which the lighthouse stands is 109 feet above the mean level of the sea, and the light itself 135 feet 6 inches. The lantern is 10 feet in diameter, manufactured by Messrs. Chance, Brothers, of Birmingham, the illuminating apparatus being dioptric of the second order, and the light visible at a distance of 17 miles. A large fog bell is connected with the light, and in foggy weather will give three strokes in six seconds, followed by an interval of thirty seconds.

The Lungs of London.—Mr. Albert Grant, it seems, is resolved to tread still further in the path of popularity opened up by him in his gift of Leicester-square-garden to London. He has had an interview with his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, to obtain his Royal Highness' countenance to the project of purchasing, decorating, and throwing open to the public all the square gardens—84 in number—in the metropolis. He believes that by so doing he will not only make these gardens—in many cases languishing—more healthy and more ornamental, but by allowing the public to traverse them, increase the facilities of that open-air exercise which the Londoner has in many cases but little opportunity of indulging in, thus expanding "the lungs of London." He counts on the support of the medical profession.

An Alsacian Mother and Child.—A traveller in the Vosges neighbourhood relates in the *Magdeburg Zeitung* a little circumstance illustrating the position of Germans in Alsace. At Molsheim an Alsacian lady entered the railway carriage with her little boy. Her mother tongue was apparently French, for she conversed with her little child only in that language. But in consequence of a difference of opinion between mother and child the latter began to cry, and behaved in a very naughty way. In vain did mamma try with all flatteries and motherly talk to keep the little thing quiet. "Sois tranquil, mon ange, mon petit bébé." But no use till the mother, in terrific wrath, cried out, "du infamer Lausbub!" The child looked with wide eyes, and, feeling that when mamma began to speak German she was in earnest and that all play was over, became suddenly still and well-behaved for the rest of the journey.

The Parson and his Surplice.—The *Spectator* contains an amusing story, for which the public is indebted to a local clergyman, the Rev. W. H. Lyttelton, rector of Hagley. "A country clergyman, wishing to substitute the surplice for the gown as his preaching 'vestment,' went down to his vestry to obtain their consent to the change. 'I shall preach the same doctrine,' said he, 'in my surplice that I did in my gown.' 'We don't care what doctrine you preach,' answered the farmers, 'but you shan't preach in your surplice.' 'Very well,' said the defeated parson; 'but I am a poor man; my gown is worn out; if I am to buy a new one, it must be paid for out of the rates!' 'Out of the rates? H'm! Oh! very well; it will be no matter, sir; preach in your surplice.'"

A Victim of the Gaming Tables.—A Frenchman of from 45 to 50 years of age, who had just arrived at the Hotel de la Poste at Vevey, from the gaming tables of Saxon les Bains, was seized with such a fit of madness that no one could master him. The police were sent for, but before they arrived the unfortunate man had succeeded in shutting himself up in his room, and then threw himself out of a second-floor window on to the pavement of the Rue des Anciens-Moulins. His skull was fractured, and he died shortly after being carried to the hospital after intense suffering.

Home for Asiatics in London.—The 17th annual meeting of the friends and supporters of this institution was held at Willis's-rooms, St. James's, under the presidency of the Marquis of Cholmondeley, who was supported by Lord Lawrence, the Hon. A. Kinnaird, M.P., and several native gentlemen of India. Colonel Hughes, the secretary, read the report, from which it appeared that the total number of those lodged and boarded in the Home during 1873 had been 272. The number of those who had been provided with employment or had their passage home paid for them was 256. Of the above 272 inmates, 111 were natives of India, 472 of Africa, 782 of China, 220 of the Straits of Malacca, 8 of the Mauritius, and 42 of Polynesia. Of these 158 were sent to the Home by their employers, 107 were admitted on personal application, 10 were shipwrecked cases, and 7 were sent by the Dutch consul. A missionary was employed by the Home to visit the Asiatic seamen on board the vessels lying in the docks. During the last six months he had visited 29 large ships and steamers, on board of which he had met with and addressed 2333 natives of the East of all religions, and had distributed among them 263 copies of the Scriptures in their various languages and 3580 tracts. By the operations of the Home, Asiatic, and African mendicancy had been almost entirely suppressed in the metropolis, and the evils and abuses of the Serang and Coolie system fully exposed. The total income for the year had been £2015 5s., and the expenditure £1964 15s. 1d., leaving a balance of £50 9s. 11d. The estimated cost of working the Home including the providing for destitute cases, in excess of the receipts from inmates for board and lodging, is about £950. The report was adopted.

Chase after a Murderer.—The Paris correspondent of the *Pall-mall Gazette* writes under date Wednesday: "The series of murders perpetrated some months ago at Limours, together with the mysterious suicide of a postman, Desiré Legrand, who, before hanging himself, denounced several persons who have since been found innocent of the crimes imputed to them, will not have been forgotten in England. That eight or ten persons should have been assassinated with impunity in a small district within a few leagues of Paris, was a startling affair. It is supposed that the real culprits, finding the Limours country too hot for them, shifted the scene of their operations in the direction of Nogent, in the neighbourhood of which place crimes resembling those perpetrated at Limours have recently occurred. At last, however, a man has been captured about whose guilt there appears little doubt. On the 25th of May a farmer and his wife, residing at a place called Tertre, went to the fête of Charbonniers, leaving behind them their children; returning in the afternoon, they found their son and daughter lying in a pool of blood, the girl quite dead, and the boy in a hopeless condition. The authorities immediately commenced an inquiry, the result of which indicated a man named Poirier, a sawyer, as the assassin. When the police went to arrest him it was found that he had left home, and it appears that the whole country, armed with old muskets, scythes, &c., turned out to beat the country, which is thickly wooded. After some time Poirier was driven to a copse, and, after a vain effort to break through the circle which was closing round him, he plunged into a forest. However, he was again started, and was finally brought to bay and captured in a pond. It was with much difficulty that the peasants could be prevented from lynching him, and as he was being led along in custody the mother of the assassinated children made several efforts to take justice into her own hands. Poirier has confessed to the murders at the farmhouse of Tertre, and it is expected that he will make further revelations."

An Anti-Shaving Religion.—The maritime Tribunal of St. Petersburg has just had a curious case before it. A sailor named Kartachef, was charged with disobedience to his superiors. After his incorporation in the navy, he obstinately refused to submit to be shaved, as required by the regulations. He declared that he belonged to a sect called Pomorsky, one of whose religious tenets forbids them to allow their beards to be shaved, and threatens them with everlasting punishment in case of non-compliance. The man declared that he would not consent to the required operation, and asserted that he would rather cut his throat than allow the hirsute appendage of his chin to be removed. In all other respects he was quite willing to do his duty with all zeal and attention. All the information obtained as to his character was eminently favourable. The Court found him guilty of infraction of discipline, and sentenced him to transportation to Siberia; but, on account of the satisfactory testimony on his behalf in other respects, the judges appended a recommendation to solicit a commutation of punishment from the Emperor.

Flooding Out Tenants.—We take the following account of quite a new discovery in the way of getting rid of tenants from the *Tuapeka Times*: "A rather novel way of ejecting obnoxious tenants was lately adopted by a landlady at the Teviot with great success. After all legitimate means had failed, she tried the following strategy: Whilst her lodgers (they were man and wife) were locked in the arms of Morpheus, and probably in each other's arms, a flood of water which had been stored in the attic was let in upon them from the region above the bed. Imagining that a second deluge had set in, or that the Molyneux had overflowed its banks in a mighty flood, they, in the shortest possible time, managed to clear out as for their lives, to the no small delight of the landlady, who had watched the result of the manœuvre with considerable anxiety."

An Historical Commemoration.—A great popular *fête* will take place at Schönberg, near Sonnenberg, in Thuringia, from the 1st to the 3rd of August. It has been organised to commemorate the historical facts that took place in that neighbourhood in the year 1530. Martin Luther and his numerous disciples, amongst them Melanchthon, Spalatin, Jean-le-Constant, and the Prince Elector Jean-Frederic, arrived in the small inn of that village, where they took up their quarters. It is especially in honour of the first and last of these renowned personages that this *fête*, which promises to be a brilliant one, is to take place. Three days are to be devoted to shooting, musical performances, historical representations, and dances. The old inn has been purchased and repaired, where formerly the meetings of Melanchthon and his companions took place. The principal object of this *fête* is to represent the customs and manners of the inhabitants of Thuringia at the epoch of the Reformation, to develop a taste for the scenes of former centuries, and to give to the popular *fêtes* of the country a more moral tendency.

The Yachting Season.—The yachting season of 1874 promises to be the most exciting on record. The leading clubs have commenced with their opening cruises, and speculations are already being made as to the probable performances of the favourites of the previous season, and the new craft turned out by the different yacht-builders since last summer. There are many causes which contribute to make it generally believed that the racing of this year will be far in excess of that of last. Year by year the number of races and the value of the prizes continue steadily to increase, so much so, that during the last ten years the former has been nearly doubled, and the latter has more than done so; in 1863 the number of races sailed being 113, with a value of prizes of £4511; while we find that last year the number of races had grown to 217, and the value of the prizes risen to £11,312. It is curious to observe that, notwithstanding the public favour into which we see yachting has recently grown, and although the size and form of our merchant navy have been greatly altered during the last 20 years, the yachts of the present day differ but little in any material degree from their predecessors of a quarter of a century ago. When we compare the Mosquito, which was built in 1848, and so famous as a racer in her day, with the Kriemhilda, launched in 1872, and since so well known, we find a wondrous resemblance in the general appearance of their lines, the only difference being that the latter is rather longer and narrower in proportion to her size.

Pat's Philosophy.—Pat entered the butcher's shop the other day and asked for a "pound of liver." This being served, he asked for a way to cook it. The polite butcher carefully wrote out a recipe for him, reminding him to be sure and follow the directions accurately. Our friend promised to do so, and departed rejoicing. He had not, however, gone very far before a huge dog, smelling the meat sticking out of Pat's coat-tail pocket, rushed up and seized the liver, then ran away, followed by the owner of the dog and Pat, together with several small boys and a lot of loafers. Pat soon perceived the situation, and being of a philosophical turn of mind, became reconciled to the loss of his meat, presuming that the proprietor of the canine would recompense him for the loss. Pat then cried out, "Let him go! Let him go! It kin do him no good; for bejabers, it's meself that has the resate for the cooking in me pocket!"

The Bobolink and Baltimore Oriole.—A writer in the *Hartford* (Connecticut) *Times*, noticing the arrival of the bobolink and the Baltimore oriole, both of them sociable and merry fellows, both gaily coloured, and both full of melody, says: "It is curious to see how punctual they are—the oriole more especially. From the best obtainable data our settled warm spring weather is not quite so early as it was during the last, and even in the early part of this century we seem to be a week to a fortnight later on the average. But we believe it is a fact that for the last twenty five or thirty years, and perhaps for a much longer time, the arrival of these birds has never in more than two instances varied more than about two days from a fixed time. Both come very nearly together. The oriole is usually first heard hereabouts from the 7th to the 9th of May, and oftenest on the last-named day. He may be expected, as a general rule, on the 9th. This year, owing to the singularly cold and backward character of the season, his arrival was looked for with some interest. It seems he was bound to fulfil his engagement. On the long breeze that came streaming up from the South, during the hot weather of Saturday and Sunday, he came; and with him came his merry friend, the gushing bobolink. Both of them were heard, and welcomed, on Sunday morning, and perhaps some persons may have heard them on Saturday."

A Rascally Bigamist Richly Rewarded.—Gustave Goethe has been convicted in New York of bigamy, and sentenced to five years in the State prison. When passing his first wife he struck her in the face. Recorder Hackett ordered him to be re-arraigned, and added a year to his sentence. Goethe afterwards sent a message to the recorder that if he had a pistol he would have shot him like a dog.

AN ORIGINAL,
ATTRACTIVE, & HIGHLY ENTERTAINING
SERIAL STORY,
ENTITLED

GODFREY DARWIN'S CRIMES;

OR,

The Lock of Grey Hair.

By the Popular Author of "Spenser's Wife," "The Rose and the Shamrock," &c.,
WILL BE SHORTLY COMMENCED,
When Mr. Fenn's interesting Chapters come to a close.

THE TREASURE HUNTERS;

OR,

The Search for the Mountain Mine.

By **GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.**

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CHAPTER XIX.

TO THE RESCUE.

There was not a moment to lose, for, from the way in which the arrows fell, it was evident that the Indians were coming nearer. How many there were it was impossible to tell, for they kept behind the stones and scattered bushes, and the only way in which their presence was made manifest was by an occasional arrow. For aught the adventurers knew the savages might have discovered the hut and be driving off the mules. Anyhow, the first duty was to try and rescue the helpless women; and, no other plan being open, Dawson led off, crawling on hands and knees through the stones in the bed of the rivulet, and reaching the next pool, which had high banks, in safety.

Larry, whose scratch was tied up, followed closely, and Adams went last.

"Safe so far." And Dawson led on again, crawling cautiously forward along the devious channel—now seeming to expose himself so plainly that his companions expected each moment to see him a mark for half-a-dozen arrows, then disappearing in safety from sight.

But what was plain to them was evidently invisible to the savages, who were attentively watching the dried pool where the adventurers had been at work; and twice over a sharp "click" told of the fall of an arrow upon the rocks, while the fugitives had already placed a hundred yards between them and danger.

It was a toilsome job. Now they were crawling over stones, now wading through water, and now suffering from thorns and spines, which attacked them virulently as the plants were thrust aside. But by sheer hard toil they continued to keep out of sight until they had won to, as nearly as they could judge, opposite to the hut; and, as they crouched behind a clump of bushes, dripping with water and perspiration, the question had to be considered whether they should make a bold dash across the open space, or once more try the snake-like progress by which they had come—though here there was but little prospect of success, the course for half the distance being too open.

Dawson carried the day, for he said, "When you have to deal with a manœuvring savage you must meet him as much as you can upon his own ground—cunning for cunning—artifice for artifice."

So they continued creeping from rock to rock, and from bush to bush, until they were half-way up the valley side. Another five minutes and they would reach the tent and hut, where all seemed so still that it was evident to them that the Indians had not penetrated so far.

"Whisht!" said Larry, suddenly; "there's some one coming." And they drew up short by a rock.

But the footsteps only proved to be those of the mules going lower down the valley in search of safety, and Dawson was hunter enough to read the signs.

"The Indians are up the valley yet," he said, "and have started these brutes. Come along; another ten minutes, and we shall get our arms."

They pushed on towards the hut, when suddenly, from some little distance along the valley, there rung out a shrill scream, and another, and another.

Dawson uttered one hoarse cry, and dashed off in the direction of the sounds like a maniac, closely followed by Adams, while Larry stopped short.

"Look at that, now!" he exclaimed. "Oh, bad luck to 'em, the villins! they've stole away thim two poor girls, and that was thim a-squaling. Oh, I'm a coming; don't desave yourselves into thinking that Larry Carey isn't there when there's a bit of a fight on the way. I'll be for deludhering some of ye directly; but a man can't do it widout his stick, and that's up at the hut."

Larry said these last words as he went off at a trot up the rest of the way, never stopping until he reached the hut, where, at a glance, he saw that there had been no violence, for there was the whole meal lying ready, without a single thing disturbed.

The rifles and ammunition stood in a corner, ready for use. The revolvers were hung on pegs, and in less time than it takes to tell it, Larry had turned himself into a bristling armoury, caught up his stick, and started off once more at a trot.

"Only to think of our being such softs as to go without our protectors," he muttered. And then he started, as a faint scream once more smote his ear. "Hark at that!" he muttered; "it makes a boy's blood run cowld. Oh, wait a bit, and I'm wid ye; and if I don't feel somebody's head for this, my name isn't Larry Carey."

CHAPTER XX.

NONE TOO SOON.

Mrs. Adams, as she peered there through the thin foliage, stood for quite a minute motionless, glaring at the incarnation of craft and cruelty before her. She wanted to shriek, but her throat felt dry. She wanted to turn and run, but the nerve seemed to have passed from her; her legs refused their office, and she remained motionless, waiting, as it were, for the savage to slightly turn his head in her direction and seize her.

But the seconds glided on, and still he remained in that fixed attitude, peering between the firs, and one hand held ready to fix an arrow in his bow. He was either watching something most attentively, or waiting for a victim to come into view down below there, in the hollow where the rivulet ran.

Could he see Mary? No, that was impossible. He would have sprung at her on the instant if he had caught sight of her; and she, like her sister, was either fascinated by the horror of her position, or seeking to divine the savage's intention.

Watching down there in the hollow? Why, that was where they were gold washing somewhere below, and this fiend was standing ready there with arrow and bow, waiting to send a shaft at Frank. Oh, yes, it was plain enough; they had been seen and watched. This was only one of a band of wretches, and the whole party would be massacred.

These thoughts and more flashed through the brain of the trembling woman, as she stood there not daring to move; and for a few moments everything seemed to swim before her eyes, but that passed off, leaving her clear to see all that happened, as if it were some nightmare in which she was a spectator, and could move neither hand nor foot.

From where she stood she could turn and look down on the bare hollow, and at portions of the valley below the hut. She knew the spot well, and had strolled there with Frank in the cool, soft evenings, where they had together watched the colour fading from the mountain tops. But how different now!

COURTSHIP ON THE HOUSETOP.

Matters were evidently coming to a crisis, for suddenly the sly, subtle look upon the Indian's face changed to one of animation. The rattle of a stone in another direction had taken his attention, and he turned sharply to see below Dawson and his companions toiling cautiously up the valley side.

In an instant he had bounded forward to gain a better position, where he went down on one knee, fitted his arrow, and remained waiting his opportunity to shoot.

Mary Adams saw all at the same moment, and her heart seemed to stand still, for she knew that in a few moments, if that arrow sped, Dawson, the leader of the group, going cautiously forward, would fall quivering to the earth, and the others—— Yes, he was preparing for them by laying two more arrows close to his hand.

Twice he raised his bow and partly drew the string, and each time hesitated, evidently waiting for a better opening for his shot.

At last it came. Dawson stopped for a moment, and gave Adams his hand to help him up a steep piece; there was a satisfied smile on the savage's face as he drew the arrow slowly to his head. In another instant it would have winged its way with deadly aim, but Mary Adams sprang out from her concealment, and grasped the Indian's arm with the effect that the bow twanged and the arrow flew harmlessly away.

With a low guttural exclamation of satisfaction, the savage sprang up and seized Mary, holding her at arm's length, and gazing at her with glittering eyes. Then his bow was swung over his shoulder, his knife leaped from its sheath, his left arm was passed rapidly round his captive, and he began to drag her away.

It was not so easy a task as he had imagined, for, setting her teeth, Mary Adams struggled boldly with the savage, thwarting his every effort for a few minutes and effectually keeping him at bay. At first her panting, silent struggles only drew forth a cruel, derisive smile; but, foiled in his every effort to draw her away, the Indian grew vicious, and in a last desperate struggle to drag her along the rugged valley, he uttered a loud exclamation, put forth his strength, and by a clever, sleight feint released his hand, which the next moment he had twined in the poor girl's hair, forcing her head back, and menacing her with the knife.

Here a fresh surprise awaited the savage, for now it was that Mrs. Adams, who had remained paralysed so far, shrieked loudly, directing his attention to her.

To leap to where she stood crying for help, and drag her to the side of Mary, was the work of a few moments, his eye glittering as he surveyed his captives, whom he caught by the wrists, and, with his knife held between his teeth, dragged away towards where his companions were in ambush.

The struggles of the women grew each moment fainter, those of Mrs. Adams being of little more effect than those of a child, while Mary was exhausted by what had gone before, and grew more feeble in her resistance, though it was sufficient still to embarrass greatly the savage's retreat.

At last, infuriated by her efforts, and evidently thinking that he would make sure of one, the Indian savagely wrenched at her arm, and threw her down, placed one mocassined foot upon her shoulder, and raised his knife, when, with a hoarse cry, Dawson sprang into sight and leaped at him, stumbled in his haste, all unarmed as he was, and fell against the Indian, literally driving him back, and rolling him upon the earth.

The lithe savage recovered himself in a moment—even while Dawson was struggling up, struck at him savagely with his knife—and the young man sank back with a groan.

With a guttural laugh the Indian bent forward to complete his work, but leaped to his feet to encounter a new foe in the person of Frank, who, with a yell that was hardly human, sprang at him.

His was hardly a better fate than that of his friend. The ground was thickly strewn with pine needles, and his feet glided over them. He strove manfully to save himself, but in vain, and he, too, fell, the Indian leaping at him like a panther, and striving to plunge his knife into his heart.

But though prostrate, Frank was too much on the alert. The Indian's knee was on his chest, his left hand upon his throat; but ere the knife could fall, Frank caught the sinewy wrist in a grasp of iron, and held it firmly. The two men, with their muscles standing out, and gazing with deadly hate into each other's eyes, seeming, in their motionless rigidity, to be a group in bronze.

The fate of Frank Adams appeared sealed, for though he was for the moment keeping death at bay, he was taken at so grievous an advantage that it was impossible he could resist for long. His enemy's knee was forced into his chest, the hand was tightening upon his throat, and the iron muscles that directed the knife seemed to grow in power.

For a moment the young man's eyes wandered to seek for aid; his wife was on her knees, with her face hidden in her hands; Dawson was lying wounded, apparently to the death, and Mary knelt by him, apparently helpless and dazed, holding one of his hands.

There was no help: he must trust to himself alone; and his eyes once more met those of his enemy, the hatred of race flashing from each.

He nerved himself for a last effort, trying to gather strength, but that fatal hand at his throat seemed to check all power, to drive strength back; and he knew by the mists rising before his eyes that he was growing weaker. It seemed so hard now to die thus—by the hand of a savage; at a time, too, when wealth and prosperity would be theirs. Setting aside his own life, too, there was the fate of his wife and sister, and at this a shudder ran through him. It was all over; he had done his best—trees, rocks, all seemed moving before his eyes; the Indian's head was growing more distant—and, yes—he was gathering himself up—in another moment that knife would be driven through his heaving breast—he was spent—"Wife—darling," he groaned; "if I could save you—that coward, Larry—to desert me at such a time—God of Heaven! must I die?"

There was a sharp, ringing report, as, with a savage smile, the Indian wrenched his knife-armed hand free; then, by a spasmodic effort, he leaped to his feet, stood for an instant clutching at the air, and fell with a heavy, dull thud amongst the pine needles.

Almost before he had fallen, Larry had leaped into their midst.

"Oh, wirra!" he ejaculated, "that I should live to see such a day! I've shot the masther too. Why did I iver handle a gun when I'd got as good a bit of blackthorn—— Oh, ye divils, are ye there?" he exclaimed, as he caught sight of the gliding figure of an Indian, and an arrow quivered in a tree by his side. "Bedad, I'll deludher them into thinking there's a ridgement of us come to the rescue!"

No sooner said than done; Larry seized the double rifle he had laid down, and took good enough aim at an Indian fitting an arrow to his bow, to plough the skin up on his arm, sending him back in full retreat from tree to tree; then from two more barrels he sent bullets crashing amongst the bushes in the direction he judged their enemies to be, and afterwards deliberately fired twelve shots from a couple of revolvers.

This fusilade had the desired effect, sending the Indians back up the valley in full retreat for about a mile, while Larry hastily re-loaded the pieces.

CHAPTER XXI.

A CONFESSION.

"I'd like to see to the masther and Misther Dawson," said Larry, as he thrust in cartridge after cartridge; "but I must be ready to ptotect the ladies, love and bless 'em! Who'd ever have thought I'd live to shoot a man dead as a herring—ugh!" He shuddered as he glanced in the direction of the prostrate Indian, "but it's very horrible, though he is an ugly copper-coloured baste. But it's such an ondacent way of putting an end to a man. If his head had given way now, like an egg from a tap of me stick, why that would have been an accident, but to knale down there as I did, and take aim and shoot him in cowld blood—och! it's very horrible, an' I don't know what Father Doolan will say to me at all whin I go to confiss. Perhaps, though, he'll let me off aisy whin he hears that it was only a haythen baste as had niver sniffed howly wather, or said an ave in his life. Ah, would ye! Bedad, I'll——"

Larry started up, and was about to draw trigger, when he let the revolver fall.

"Oh! masther, dear, how you freckened me, as I thought that Indian baste had killed ye, and I was just coming to see, only I was obliged to load."

"Only half choked, Larry," said Adams, who had clapped the Irishman on the shoulder. "Quick! give me one of those rifles. Those fellows will be back directly."

He took a rifle and revolver, and then caught up his wife, whispered a few loving words of comfort to the trembling woman, and led her to the shelter of a rock. Then he ran to Dawson.

"Not much hurt, I hope?" he exclaimed, as he stooped down where Mary was sitting with the poor fellow's head resting upon her knees.

"Oh, Frank, Frank," she said, hoarsely, as she gazed down with a passionate, longing look; "he's dead—he's dead—gone without one kind word—without one tender look—dead, to save my worthless life! And I loved him—oh, I loved him with all my heart!"

There were no tears, no outcries, or loud lament. It was one loud, hoarse whisper, that ended in a deep, agonised groan, as she gazed down upon the inanimate face, and then bent forward and printed a kiss upon the dank, cold forehead.

"He's not dead," exclaimed Frank, whose hand had been thrust into his open shirt. "His heart beats, and the wound may not be mortal. Here, Larry, can we carry him to the hut? We dare not stay here."

"Can *we* carry him!" said Larry. "Here give us a hoist, masther. Let me git him aisy over me back and shouldher, and you lade on wid the ladies, and I'll trot wid him all the way."

Frank hesitated, but it seemed their only chance, and after a little management, the helpless figure was placed upon Larry's back."

"All right, yer honour," he said, cheerily. "He gave a bit of a groan then, poor boy. Away wid you, quick."

Larry proved equal to his task, and Frank bearing the weapons and helping his wife—thanks to Larry's feint with the firing—they reached the tent and hut in safety, where Dawson was left to the care of Mrs. Adams and Mary, while Frank and Larry proceeded to put their little home in a state of defence.

Fortunately, as has been said, they had chosen the site as being a stronghold in case of such an emergency; and, with plenty of ammunition and provisions, they seemed to have a fair chance of keeping an enemy at bay for any length of time, always providing that they did not succumb to some feint.

"Bedad!" said Larry, wiping his face as he sat behind a rock, rifle in hand, commanding the approach to the hut, "Bedad, masther, dear, I'm about bate, and if I don't have a a taste of whisky, I shall miss the next Injun."

Adams smiled, and supplied the needful stimulus, which Larry drank with a hearty smack.

"Ah! yer honour, that's the right sort," he said; "an' I hope the ladies was only freckened—not hurt."

"Not at all, Larry," said Frank, watching anxiously for the approach of danger. "How am I to thank you for saving my life?"

"Be jist giving me one of thim cowld throut I see on the table, an' a bite of bread in me fist, yer honour, for I fale as if I'd got a grate emptiness in me inside."

"You must be starving, Larry," said Adams, laughing.

"Sure, sor, it isn't me, it's the hollowness," said Larry, devouring his food. "An' how's Misther Dawson?"

"He's reviving, Larry. I'm in hopes that the wound won't prove bad."

"Faith, an' not it," said Larry; "he's too sthrong a boy for it. An' bedad! what a lump he is too, I say.

"Look, Larry, isn't that——"

Crack!

Before Adams had ceased speaking, Larry, who had sighted an Indian stealing into sight, took a sharp aim and fired, the savage falling like a stone.

"Bedad! I'm beginning to like rifles," said Larry, coolly reloading. "You can hit wid 'em such a long way off."

Crack!

This time from Adams's piece; and another Indian, who had been making for a rock in the centre of an open space, fell, rose again, fell, and then got up and tottered away.

Then followed perfect silence, for this second check had sent the savages back dispirited; and the two watchers remained for hours at their post, with only one incident to take their attention. That occurred about an hour after the first man fell, when a couple of Indians leaped out, rushed to where the dead man lay, and caught him up between them, uttering a yell of defiance at the same time.

Larry took aim, but he did not fire. Took aim again, and then laid down his piece upon the rock.

"Sure," he said, "it would be like shooting neighbours at a funeral, and I'll let 'em go."

All seemed so quiet afterwards that Adams crept down from the rock upon which he lay, and went into the tent, where Dawson was lying with eyes half closed, and a look of calm content upon his face to which it had been a stranger for many days. Mrs. Adams was watching him; and behind sat Mary, quiet, subdued, and with a soft light in her eye, as it met her brother's, which made him wonder.

The noise of his entrance roused Dawson, who looked up hastily.

"Ah, Frank!" he said, with a smile, "I'm very lazy, am I not? Only for a day though. I'll be with you to-morrow—willing, if weak."

Frank shook his head.

"A mere flesh-wound," said Dawson; "and it has made me turn feverish; but I shall be better to-morrow. How about holding out?" he whispered.

"I think we can keep them off," said Adams, in the same low tone. "When they attack, the loss of a man damps them for the time, and they retreat. What we have to fear is a surprise."

He returned to his post, to find everything unchanged. The shadows were lengthening in the valley, and night would soon be coming on, and Adams thought of it with a shudder. But there was no retreat—the night had to be faced with all the dangers it might bring, and he knew enough of the vindictive nature of the Indians to feel sure that they would not fail to take ample revenge for their slain. Old recollections of Indian raids of which he had read, of the tortures inflicted, and of the women dragged away into captivity, troubled Adams as he lay at his post watching for the coming danger; while Larry, close at hand, seemed, in his ignorance of such matters, as peaceful and content as if resting under a tree after reaping an acre of wheat.

"And why not?" he said, upon Adams creeping to his side, and smilingly telling him how content he looked. "And why not, masther dear? Sure it's quite time enough to look the throuble in the dirty face when the throuble comes. P'r'aps we've got a bad fight before us, p'r'aps we haven't, so what's the good of being onaisy till we know. Anyhow, we've got the best of it."

"But they may starve us out, Larry, if they cannot drive us."

"Bud it will take a long time, sor. We shall want wather first; but I can deludher 'em, and go and fetch it in the night. Be aisy, and let's get rid of these copper-coloured ragamuffins, and then as soon as Misther Dawson is betther we'll load up and get back to Frisco. And if we should come here again, sor, it must be widout the ladies. What's that, sor?"

Larry pointed down the valley below them to what seemed to be a moving bush—moving sometimes only, at others it remained stationary, but only to progress slowly, a few feet at a time, apparently in the direction of the lower part of the valley, where the mules were grazing.

"Now, that's mighty stupid," said Larry, "for a man to go and dress himself up like a Jack-in-the-Green, and then crawl along the ground. Them Indian boys must think we're as wise as they are themselves."

Crack went Larry's piece, the bullet striking a stone on the nearer side of the moving bush and sending up a shower of fragments, but doing no more harm than frightening the bearer of the bush into an upright position, and making him turn and flee for his life, back to the cover where his companions lay.

This incident, trifling as it was, served to show the enemy how thoroughly those whom they attacked were on the alert. And evening came on, and then the shadowy night, dark and moonless, when it was impossible for the keenest eye to penetrate more than a few yards.

Dawson was sleeping very easily, the fever caused by his wound not seeming to be upon the increase; and now Mrs. Adams crept out to the rocks to watch beside her husband, feeling, as she told him, so much safer than when alone.

It was a terrible night. The close, heavy darkness seemed to shut them in; and as they strained their eyes to meet the coming danger, every neighbouring crag or block of stone seemed to take an ominous threatening shape, while every bush apparently sheltered an enemy waiting his opportunity to send a deadly shaft whizzing through the air.

At any other time, so close and silent a watch must have brought sleep in its train to help besiege the watchers; but the perils of the position set the drowsy god at defiance, and they watched on hour after hour, with no further alarms than those they conjured up, till towards morning, when, just as Larry was straining his eyes in a vain effort to make out whether a dark object, thirty yards below, was animate or inanimate, Mrs. Adams uttered a faint cry, and pressed her husband's arm.

Adams started on the instant, and felt a cold chill steal through his brains; for, apparently, while they had been watching in front, danger had crept into the camp from the rear—how, he could not tell, unless some daring enemy had been lowered down the almost perpendicular face of the cliff; and if one, how many more?"

For there, rifle in hand, was just dimly seen a tall figure, evidently preparing to take aim.

Larry and Adams brought their pieces to bear at the same moment, and at the next movement of the figure they would have fired, had not a second misty form come out of the darkness, and apparently taking the first by the hand, led it back towards where stood the tent.

"That was a lucky escape for him, anyhow," said Larry. "It's a mighthy bad habit that slape-walking; but I suppose poor Misther Dawson was draming we wanted help, and so came widout giving us the pass word. Well, we'll know him if he comes again, for here's to-morrow morning at last."

In effect, the distant mountain tops were showing faintly grey in the fast dawn of the day. The shadows, by contrast, low down in the valley, looked darker, but that could not last now for long; for with the rapidly brightening light the rocks and bushes seemed to lose the grotesque forms with which they had been endowed during the night, danger seemed less perilous; and at last, with the broad day, the watchers gazed at the weird grandeur of the rocky valley, scanning each bush, each clump of firs, and each crag, but seeing no sign of an enemy.

CHAPTER XXII.

A SCHEME.

Hours glided by, and the sun began to have great power, heating the rocks even to burning point. Dawson was weak, but cool and free from fever, and when Adams went into the tent it was to see him lying with closed eyes, holding Mary's hand clasped in his, and she, far from starting up and seeming abashed at the position, sitting still and subdued, apparently rapt in the one idea that she was his nurse, and it was her duty to bring him back to rength.

A hasty meal was eaten, and plans made for watching. To attempt to reconnoitre was set aside as dangerous, but with Dawson's glass every part of the valley was swept in search of enemies, and in vain.

So passed the day without sign of attack or sound to tell that there was an enemy below.

At last, towards evening, Larry exclaimed with delight:

"Bedad! they're gone!"

"Gone!" exclaimed Adams.

"Yis! Look there at the bastes; they wouldn't do that if there was an Injun or any one near!" And he pointed to the mules, which had been gradually feeding nearer, and now quietly trooped all along the valley.

"Why, if there was an Injun there, they'd smell him a mile away. It's all right, sor. Let's reconnoitre."

But Adams first went to lay the matter before Dawson, who immediately took the side of Larry, and gave it as his opinion that the Indians must be gone.

A careful search proved this; and on going farther and farther up the valley, carefully watching every rift and ravine, they came to the conclusion at last that the Indians had made for the table-land above, from which they had descended and made their attack.

"Good-bye, and good luck to 'em," said Larry, snapping his fingers. "Sure, we're too many for them."

"For the present, Larry. They'll come back again. I should say they've gone for reinforcements."

"Oh the Frinch will come agin,
And they'll bring tin thousand min,
Says the Shan Van Vogh."

sang Larry, softly. "Well, let 'em, sor; and by the time they get back let's show 'em that we hadn't time to attend to thim, because we were wanted back at Frisco."

It was a serious matter to contemplate, that journey back; for now, in addition to its perils, they had a wounded man to transport, besides the gold.

"I tell ye what, sor," said Larry, hitting upon a bright idea, "every pound of Misther Dawson that the mules has to carry manes a pound of goold left behind. Sure, let's explore a bit, and find a nice place where we can go up into the mountains for a week for the binifit of our health, and by that time Misther Dawson will be able to handle his legs again. Then we can come back and pick up the treasure, and away we go."

Larry's plan was too good to be slighted. If they left, the Indians would return, and, finding them gone, give up the pursuit; and, at the end of a fortnight or so, they could return in safety. The only difficulty was getting away without leaving a trail.

The next day Dawson was still too weak to be moved; but, after carefully seeing to the *caché*, and piling over it a few more pieces of rock, preparations were made for the departure, the mules collected, and the following morning saw the tent struck, the various impedimenta of food and provender carefully stowed, and the little train set off, choosing the stony way up the valley, right in the track they supposed the Indians to have taken, hoping, however, soon to strike up one of the ravines that led higher up the mountains.

Their progress was very slow, for the wounded man was weak; but, as they expected, at the end of three or four miles they found a valley striking off at right angles to their course, and fortunately it proved less rugged. It was evidently the bed of some mighty torrent in the winter time, but now here and there along the bottom were tiny rock pools, whose sands, when turned up, showed flecks and scales of gold, making Larry shake his head thoughtfully, as he paused for the mules to drink at one of these holes.

For this was only to be a trip in search of health and safety until the danger had passed; and now that they were out of the track by which they might expect the Indians. they determined to make the trip as leisurely as they could.

The valley sloped upward rapidly, and their journey was evidently to be one climb until they could descend into some pleasant, peaceful valley. Dawson, weak as he was, undertook to note the direction they took, and keep their bearings by the compass, that there might be no erring on their return; and Adams and Larry often lingered behind to watch carefully, and see that they made no perceptible trail, by which they might be followed by their crafty foes. As for Mrs. Adams, she rode gently on upon her mule generally far in advance, smiling to herself, as she saw the course that affairs were taking, and with all a woman's match-making love, contriving plans for leaving her sister undisturbed in the company of the invalid.

Valley after valley, all tending upwards huge rocks on the right and huge rocks on the left. Patches of towering pines, that seemed mere sticks in the distance, but which grew and grew as they approached, till they stood beneath their shade and found them mighty monarchs in size. Now they paused beside a cold, clear mountain stream, and now by tiny lake deep and dark; but every hour's journey taking them higher and higher till they surmounted a ridge which seemed to stand as a gate between two mountains.

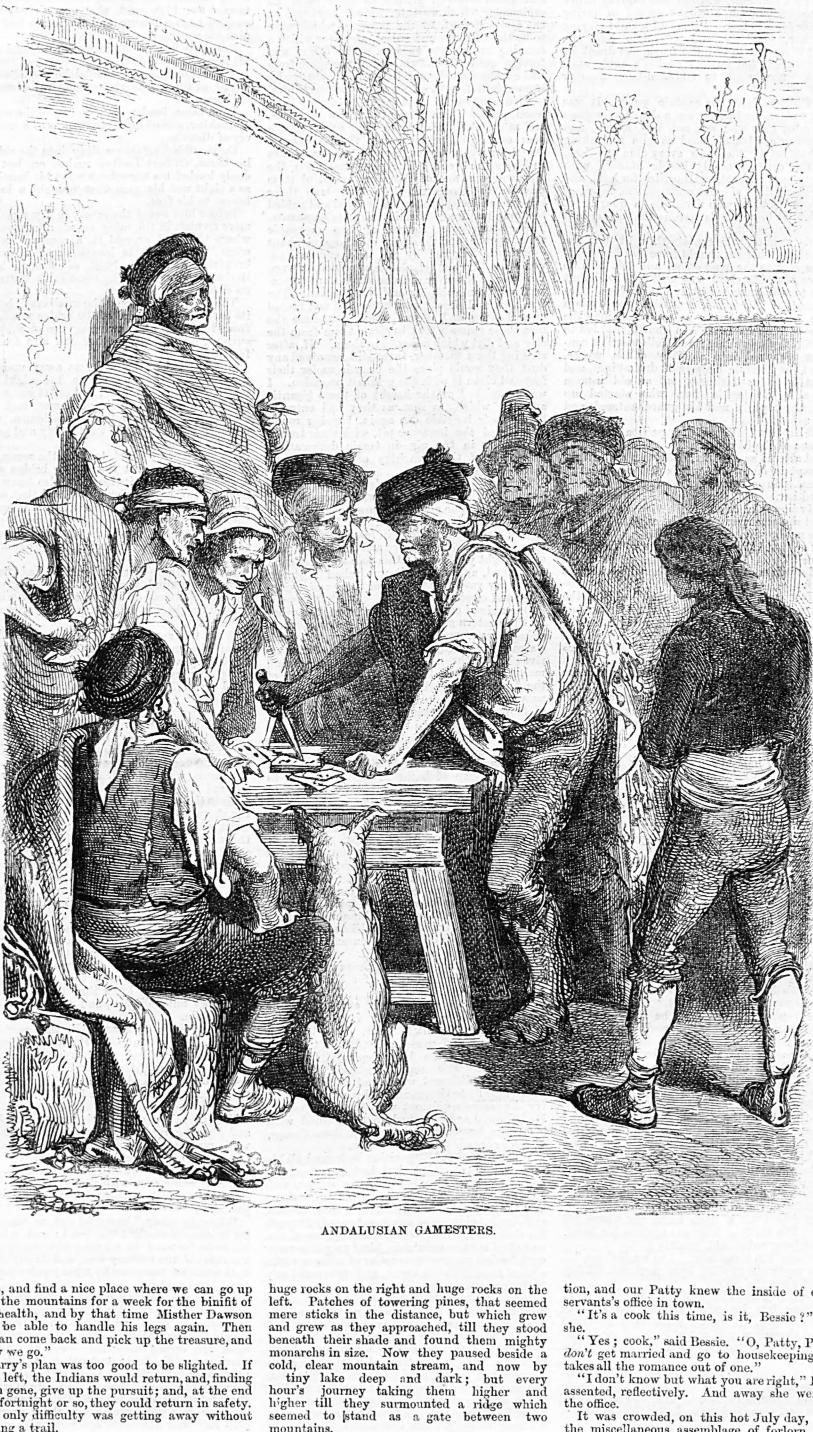
A cry of admiration burst from the lips of Mrs. Adams, as she sat upon her mule—fortunately with her husband by her side—for she had looked down upon one of the most glorious vales of verdure she had ever seen. Far as the eye could reach was one fertile garden, shut in by the mountains; and she clapped her hands softly together as she thought of a sojourn in the pleasant land—so bright and peaceful, after the wild region of rocks and chasms they had traversed.

To her great surprise, her husband jerked the mule's bit before she had half satiated her eyes on the verdant feast, and drew the beast back below the ridge just as Larry came hurrying up from the rear.

"There's a party of thim Indian boys down below there," he said; "and they're coming this way,"

"Yes," said Adams, huskily; "and in front there, in the valley, is a whole tribe. Which way are we to go?"

(To be continued.)



ANDALUSIAN GAMESTERS.

Patty Pinkerton's Plot.

"Loves me better than the whole world, does he?" said Patty Pinkerton, shaking her brown curls over a faded rose-bud and a knot of crumpled ribbon. "Oh, I dare say; but you see," gravely addressing space, "I've heard that sort of thing before. Love must be an awful epidemic now-a-days. And all the world's a lottery; and I, for one, don't want to draw a blank. O dear, dear! how I wish I could really see into a man's heart! How I wish I had any means of ascertaining whether Ralph Lloyd really cares for me, or whether he has heard of Uncle Hutchinson's ten thousand pounds. O *dear* me!" and Patty sighed a sigh deep enough to stir all the red roses that were nodding their crests at the casement.

And then she jumped up and went about her business, which chanced to be girl hunting just then. For Mrs. Pinkerton, Patty's cousin, was always in a pickle on the domestic service question, and our Patty knew the inside of every servants's office in town.

"It's a cook this time, is it, Bessie?" said she.

"Yes; cook," said Bessie. "O, Patty, Patty, *don't* get married and go to housekeeping. It takes all the romance out of one."

"I don't know but what you are right," Patty assented, reflectively. And away she went to the office.

It was crowded, on this hot July day, with the miscellaneous assemblage of forlorn feminity who are always seeking situations, and like the lover in the "Mistletoe Bough," "find them not." Patty looked round dubiously. She was something of a physiognomist, and she did not exactly like the looks of the raw material wherewith she was surrounded.

"I had better bide my time a little," she thought, and down she nestled into the corner of a prodigious sofa, to wait with what patience she might.

As she seated herself, the shrill, piping voice of an old lady beyond made silence vocal.

"You won't do for me," said she. "No followers—that's my rule. My kitchen ain't a place for all the loafing fellows in town to smoke in. Ask anybody in Starborough, if you want to know what kind of a housekeeper Rachel Lloyd is. Everybody in Starborough knows *me.* No followers, no ribbons, and no hoop-skirts."

"Then, ma'am, you won't do for *me,*" said the jaunty damsel, with an indignant toss of her hatted head; "I don't go nowheres I can't have my young man come and see me of a Saturday night."

Patty Pinkerton listened with mischievously sparkling eyes and cherry cheeks. This, then, was the eccentric Aunt Rachel, of whom Ralph had often told her—the grim old spinster who "kept house" all by herself, in the quaint little town of Starborough, where the elms lined the streets like green-kirtled sentinels, and everybody went to bed at ten o'clock.

Very sudden resolves will sometimes rush through our brains in a short space of time, and almost before the shrill tones of Miss Rachel's falsetto voice had ceased to vibrate on the air, Patty Pinkerton stood dipping odd little curtsies before her.

"If you please, ma'am, would I suit?"

Miss Rachel glared through her moon-shaped spectacle glasses at the trim figure robed in sober gray.

"You, child!!" quoth she. "Why, you're such a chit of a thing!"

"I am nineteen, ma'am!"

"What can you do?"

"A little of everything, ma'am," Patty answered, demurely.

"What's your name?"

"Martha, ma'am, please."

Apparently the cross-examination that followed was satisfactory to Miss Rachel Lloyd, for she finally told Patty she might "come and try" at two pounds a month.

"I may go home for my clothes, ma'am?" said Patty, with drooping eyelids and hands folded.

"Yes; but be sure you meet me at the railroad station at four precisely."

Patty promised, and ran home to Mrs. Pinkerton.

"Where's my girl?" demanded the matron.

"I haven't got any. I'm a girl myself, Bessie—at two pounds a month, and no followers!"

"Patty, what under the sun do you mean?" And Patty explained.

"Don't scold, Bessie—now don't, that's a darling. I'm Caliph Haroun Alraschid in disguise, that's all. It will be such fun! Where's my gingham dress, and the little linen collars, and the big bib aprons? For my bubble would burst altogether if I shouldn't meet Aunt Rachel at the station at four o'clock precisely."

What a change it was to the quiet old house, where the century-old elms formed a green canopy of shade, and the pinks and old-fashioned blue-bells blossomed along the borders. And "Martha," the new maid, settled into the grooves at once, as if she had lived all her life under Aunt Rachel's roof-tree.

"I believe I am going to like her," said Aunt Rachel. "But then, of course, a new broom sweeps clean; and I'm most afraid to believe in any one since Rebecca Smith went to prayer-meetings, and then ran away with my silver sugar-basin!"

"This is Mr. Ralph's room, is it?" said Martha, as she stood regarding the apartment that had just been opened to be dusted and aired.

"Yes—this is my nephew's room," said the old lady. "He comes out here once in a while, and I always keep it ready for him. I've no family of my own, you see, and Ralph seems very near to me."

"Dear me!" said Martha, "what a lot of photographs over the mantel-piece!"

Miss Rachel nodded.

"That middle one—it looks a little bit like you, Martha, I declare——"

"Does it?" lisped Martha, innocently, as she looked into her own smiling saucy eyes, under a fringe of crépe hair.

"It's my nephew's sweetheart," went on the garrulous old lady, "the girl he loves the best in all the world."

"Are they engaged?" Martha asked, the tell-tale roses dying her cheek as she gently spoke.

"Well, no, not exactly. I believe she's rather pretty, but she's got nothing of her own, you see; and there's Augusta Playfair—the one on the left-hand edge of the chimney——"

"The one with the twisted nose?" roguishly asked Martha.

"Her nose may be a little to one side," severely remonstrated Miss Rachel; "but handsome is that handsome does, and Augusta has thirty thousand pounds in the bank."

"My!" cried Martha, opening her eyes very wide. "Thirty thousand pounds, ma'am? I should think Mr. Ralph would marry her at once."

"So he ought," said Miss Rachel, rubbing her spectacle glasses vehemently. "She'd have him in a minute—so all the neighbours say. But he's just possessed in love with that little Pinkerton girl. He'd rather work for a crust a day, with her to share it, he says, than to marry Augusta Playfair with all her money."

"That is noble of him," cried Martha, with sparkling eyes. "I respect him for it. I—I mean I *should* respect him for it if——"

"Well, I don't see what it is to you, one way or the other," tartly broke in Mrs. Rachel. "Just give the room a good dusting, that 's all I ask of you, for as like as not Ralph will be here to-night."

"To-night!" cried Martha, aghast.

"Yes, to-night. Why shouldn't he?"

That was just what the little serving damsel could not answer.

"I must go away this very evening," she thought to herself, as she polished away at the claw-footed old mahogany table; "because if he should come and find me here—— Oh, good gracious!"

She dropped her duster in dismay, for there stood Ralph Lloyd before her, with all his six feet of altitude, his brown eyes twinkling mischievously beneath their long lashes.

"Patty," he cried, "is this the story of Cinderella and the Little Glass Slipper?"

"No!" she answered, colouring like a whole garden of roses. "It's the story of a naughty little girl who couldn't be satisfied without finding out whether——"

"Whether Ralph Lloyd really loved her or not," he finished the hesitating sentence. "Well, what do you think?"

The question was what Aunt Rachel thought, some ten minutes later, when she came in, and found her nephew and Martha, the housemaid, whispering behind the muslin curtains. I know what I should have thought—that a wedding was very imminent.

So it was; and Aunt Rachel consoled herself that, after all, ten thousand pounds was a very snug little fortune.

A MICHIGAN switch-tender, caught napping at his post, and convicted of wilful negligence, said to the jailer who was about to lock him up, "I always supposed that the safety of a railroad depended on the soundness of its sleepers." "So it does," retorted the jailer, "but such sleepers are never safe unless they are bolted in."

IT is said that blacksmiths and machinists are more or less given to *vices,* and that carpenters will *chisel* when they can get a chance and think the operation will pay.

Ellen's Boy.

When the Dover and Calais mail steamer discharged her passsengers at the former port there landed among them a gentleman who had been absent from England for nine years. All that while he had passed under the burning suns of India. He had suffered as soldiers do. He had fought as soldiers fight. He had met the soldier's fate of scars and wounds, and one of them had invalided him home to England.

It was the first time he had trod her shores for nine years, as we have said, and for the first time in any year he was going to see his son, the little boy born after he left home, and whose birth had been his mother's death.

Captain Cranford had only been married a year when he was ordered abroad with his regiment. Six months from that day a letter had reached him, telling him his wife was dead. The letter was written by an old nurse, the only friend who had been with her. It ended thus:

"The baby, as fine a child as ever I saw, is thriving. I've done my best for it. It's mother's last wish was as I should keep it, and perhaps, sir, as some one must, you'd as leave I as any other. I sha'n't be unreasonable in my charges, and I'm very fond of him already.

"With my duty to you in this dreadful trouble, your servant, ANN GOLDEN."

The poor, broken-hearted man almost sunk under the awful news. He had loved his wife passionately, and when the baby was old enough to travel she would have come to him in India, braving its terrible climate and the life of a soldier's wife abroad, because they could not live apart. Now he did not want a little baby on his hands, and he wrote to Ann as soon as he could command himself to do so, appointing her its nurse.

Every quarter since that time he had sent money to her for the child's board and clothes. A receipt was always returned with "her duty, and the young gentleman was doing well," and this was all he knew of his Ellen's boy—the child of a love that had been as strong as it was tender.

Now that his foot was upon England's shores again, and the meeting was very near, Captain Cranford felt new thrills of father-love through his soldier's heart, and longed for his boy's presence.

"He would take him to himself," he said. "They would live together, sharing each other's joys and sorrows. He would make a man of the boy—not a soldier, for he knew the trials of a soldier's too well; but something very honourable and creditable. He should be proud of him, and he hoped!—ah, how he hoped! that Ellen's child would have Ellen's face."

"My beautiful girl," he said to himself, with the tears standing in his eyes, "how little I thought of this hour when I kissed her good-by!"

And then his heart grew even warmer to the pledge of their mutual love.

He had the address that Mrs. Golden had given him in his pocket, when he reached London by the Chatham and Dover Railway. He glanced at it to refresh his memory as to the number. A plain, respectable street, in one of London's suburbs; he remembered it well.

"But my boy shall see better things, now that I am here," he said to himself. "I am not rich, but I can deny myself to make him happy. Will he love me, I wonder!"

Then he thought how his own heart had been won by toys and sweetmeats, and coming to a store where the former were sold, paused before the gay window, and began to make a mental choice between a red and gilt stage-coach and horses, and a train of bright railway carriages. He had discarded both for a box of scarlet-coated soldiers, when suddenly he felt a tug at his coat-tail, and, turning suddenly, found a grimy little hand, half in, half out of his pocket. He caught it at once with his hankerchief in it, and gripped it tight.

He was a soldier, and to a soldier the keeping of law and rule is a great thing. To give the little thief to a policeman, and appear against him next day, was his first thought, but as the creature stood there shaking and whining, the fact of his diminutive size struck the captain forcibly. He realised his youth, which was extreme, and he saw that, besides being young and small, and wan and dirty, and ragged, he was deformed. His queer little shoulders were heaped up to his ears, and his hands were like talons, so long and bony were they. The captain held the wrist of this mannikin firmly still, but not angrily.

"What did you mean by that, sir?" he growled slowly, stooping down to look into the boy's eyes.

"I'm to hook it," said the boy, with perfect candour. "Oh, please, leave me be? Oh, please, sir, lem me go? Oh, please, sir, I won't do it no more—never, oh please!"

"Iv'e a mind to have you sent to jail," said the captain.

"No, please, sir," said the waif. "Please, sir."

"Who taught you to steal?" asked the captain. The boy made no answer. Grimy tears were pouring from his eyes.

"Answer me," said the captain.

"If I don't, I don't get no victuals," said the boy, "and my stomach is as holler. Feel of it, mister? It's as holler as a drum. She's been a beggin' to day, and we'll have stew. I won't have none, if I don't fetch nothin'. Oh——"

"Who is she?" asked the captain.

"Me mother," said the boy.

"I've been hungry myself," said the captain, thinking of a certain Indian prison experience. "It isn't pleasant."

Then he thought of his own boy.

"God knows I ought to be tender to the little ones, for the sake of Nellie's child," he said softly, then aloud.

"Boy, I'll not send you to prison."

"Thankee, sir," said the urchin.

"And I'll give you a breakfast," said the captain.

The dirty elf executed a sort of joyous war dance.

"Do you know why I forgive you?" said the captain. The child shook his head.

"I have a little boy," said the captain. "He's very different from you, poor child! He would not steal anything. He washes himself. My lad, you must wash yourself as soon as you find water. But I couldn't bear to think of his being hungry, and for his sake I can't bear to see other little fellows hungry. It's for his sake that I don't call a policeman and tell him all about it. Remember that, and try to be like—like my little fellow, poor laddie, clean and good. Don't steal; try to get work. Will you promise?"

The waif said, "Yes, sir," of course.

Then the captain led him into a cheap eating shop, and watched him eat until his stomach was no longer "holler."

"You little wretch," he thought, as he looked at him! "If I could see my boy and him together now, what a contrast!" And he fancied his boy round and white and pink, and fair of hair, like his poor lost Ellen, and I know he said that he would pity this poor fellow and be kind to him.

The meal was over. The captain paid for it, and then drew the boy between his knees and lectured him. To be good was to be happy. Honesty was the best policy. Cleanliness came next to godliness. These were the heads of his discourse.

Then he gave him half-a-crown, and bade him go and be good and clean, in God's name.

And the boy was off like a flash.

"Thousands just such as he in this great city!" sighed the good captain, as he walked along. "Ah, me!"

Then he went in search of Mrs. Ann Golden and his own fair darling.

But Mrs. Golden was not so easily found as he had hoped. There was a little shop in the house he had been directed to, and the keeper thereof said that she had bought it of Ann Golden; but I haven't seen her since, she said; only there's a bit of card with her number on it — that is, if I can find it. After a search, she did find it. And the captain, thanking her, hurried away; but another disappointment awaited him.

Mrs. Golden had not lived in this second place for several years. She had moved into Pubstone-row, but what number no one could remember.

At Pubstone-row, whither the captain drove in a hackney coach, a woman owned to having had her for a lodger. "She had a child staying with her, too," she said. "Little Ned she called him; but to tell the truth, she drank so that I warned her out. I couldn't abide such doings. She went to Chiltern-lane, number nine."

To Chiltern-lane the captain went. It was a filthy place, and there was a drunken woman at number nine who was not Ann Golden, and who threw a stick of wood at him for asking for that lady. And now every clue was lost, and the captain nearly beside himself with anxiety applied to the authorities for help, and after many days of great unhappiness, heard of an Ann Golden who lived in a quarter of London, so low and dangerous that all decent people shunned it.

"No wonder," the captain thought, "if she lived there, that she should have had his remittances sent to the post-office, and left him to believe that his child was still in the decent home to which she had at first taken him.

Almost ill with excitement, the poor captain drove, with a policeman as protector, into the maize of hideous lanes and courts that led to Ann Golden's dwelling; and following his conductor, dropped into a filthy cellar, where, amidst the horrible leakage of drain-pipes, and almost in utter darkness, sat an old woman with a bottle beside her, who started up when the captain and his guard entered, and cried:

"What now? What's the perlice here for? Is it one of the boys again?"

And altered as she was with years and drink, the captain knew his wife's old nurse, Ann Golden. He gave a howl of rage, and darted toward her.

"My boy!" he cried.

And she screamed, "It's the captain!"

"Is my boy living?" he asked.

"Yes," said the woman, shaking; "he's alive and well."

"How dare you keep him here?" cried the captain.

"How can I help being poor?" whined the woman. "I couldn't give up the bit you pay for him. I'm very old; I'm very ill. Don't be hard on me."

"My God!" cried the captain. "My Ellen's baby in a place like this!"

He dropped his head on his hands; then he lifted it and clasped them.

"I'll have him away from here now!" he gasped. "It's over, and he's young, and will forget it. Where is he? Have you lied? Is he dead?"

"No, no," said the old woman. "He'll be here soon. I hear him now. That's him. He 'll be here in a minute. Don't kill a poor old body, captain; dont!"

"I could do it!" cried the captain. "Listen! There is some one coming. My child! My child!"

The door opened softly, a head peeped in low down, then drew back.

"Come in," piped the old woman. "The police arn't arter you—leastways for harm. Captain, that's him—your boy Ned."

And as the captain stood with outstretched arms, there crept in at the door—who? what? the wan, deformed and dirty creature who had picked his pocket—whom he had fed for the sake of his beautiful dream-child—the wretched waif, forgotten utterly in the last few days of anxiety.

"That's him," croaked the old crone again. "That's your boy—that's Ned."

The captain gave a cry; he sunk down on an old box close at hand, and hid his face and wept. His sobs shook him horribly; they they almost shook the crazy building. They frightened the old woman and set the policeman to rubbing his eyes with his cuffs. The boy stood and stared for a moment, and then vanished.

And what was the wretched father thinking? So many thoughts that there are no words for them; but, first of all, this horrible one: that vile little object, that wretched child of the streets, was the darling for whom he had searched so long.

"Better I had never found him," moaned the captain, "or found him dead!"

And just then a little hand crept over his knee. The thrill of hair was against his hand, and a piping voice said, meekly:

"Please, I'm clean now. I've washed me."

The captain's swollen eyes unclosed. They turned upon the child.

Some queer knowledge of his father's feelings had crept into his mind, and he had tried to clean his face. A round white spot appeared amidst the grime, and out of it shone two beautiful eyes that looked wistfully up into the captain's.

All of a sudden, a flood of such pitiful tenderness as he had never felt before swept over Captain Cranford's heart. All the grief and shame and wounded pride left it to come back no more.

"Ellen's eyes!" he sobbed, "Ellen's boy!" and took his son to his heart. "For his sake," he said, softly, as though he stood by the grave of the beautiful dream-child he had just buried, "for his sake and Ellen's!"

And then he led the poor boy tenderly by the hand.

AN old bachelor getting vexed at the freedom with which his landlady's daughter used his hair oil, filled his bottle with liquid glue the evening she was invited to a ball, and then went out for an hour. The young lady stayed at home that evening, and for several days afterwards.

ON a certain occasion, in the presence of Dean Swift, an attorney took great liberties with the clergymen of the day. "Doctor," said he to the Dean, "suppose that the parsons and the devil went to law, which, in your opinion, would win the cause?" "The devil would," answered the Doctor, "for all the lawyers would be on his side."

Elephant Trap in Siam.

I was awakened from my contemplation by my guide, who informed me that what I was looking at constituted the trap—that in the middle of this luxuriant vegetation, which appeared virgin to my eyes, were on each side four alleys of trees of iron-wood, about three feet in diameter. They were imbedded in masonry to the depth of ten or twelve feet, and such is the luxuriant nature of this climate, that the enormous black stakes were surrounded and hid in two years in the manner just described. Left bare, the stakes would have warned these intelligent animals of their danger. It is necessary to lead them into the defile without distrust, so as to avoid their terrible and dangerous anger. On entering the door, which was just wide enough for the passage of an elephant, we found ourselves in a large square enclosure, built of granite, about eight hundred square yards in area, but without any roofing. The walls were about fifteen feet thick, and thirty feet in height, and the top coped with rose and green-coloured granite so as to form an esplanade, which wasinterrupted, however, on the east and west, by the passages which were to be the entrance and outlet, and over which a hanging bridge was thrown. The Court and foreign guests could thus view the sport from this esplanade as from a balcony, as balustrades were chiselled in the stone all round the edifice.

Along the walls inside were stakes of iron-wood, placed about fifteen feet from the wall, and at such a distance from each other that a man could just pass between them sideways. On the north and south sides were staircases cut into the walls. The panorama from the platform was one of the most beautiful it is possible to conceive. Into this trap three hundred wild elephants were decoyed and guided by three hundred domesticated male elephants. The eastern gate, formed of two moveable trees, opened, and the decoy—the large elephant—entered, followed by his wild companions, while the other tame elephants remained between the bank of the river and the alley, so as to prevent any from escaping or falling behind. The branches and shoots were broken off and rooted up and eaten, and it was wonderful to see the care these animals took to clean them from the clay and dirt which adhered to them. If, after striking them together, there still remained any dust, they would place the branch under their feet and clean it with the greatest precision. I was astonished at the height of these gigantic animals, which, as soon as they had entered, began their horrible din again, turning round and round the immense pit, with their trunks held aloft in the air—in tragic deprecation, I fancied, of the treachery of their domesticated brothers.

Three of the wild elephants were to be captured, and this is the way it was accomplished. Two of the tame elephants now advanced with two armed drivers on each, the front driver having a strong bent hook in his hand, the other man in a crouching posture and holding a pole about eight yards long; this pole was flattened at the end, and around it was rolled a strong rope forty yards long, made of thongs of rhinoceros and elephant hide.

One animal entered by the eastern, the other by the western gate. The intelligence of these animals was something extraordinary. A word, a sign was enough for them. They had now arrived behind the animal they wanted to catch, and making him walk, the men took advantage of the moment when he lifted his hind feet, to pass a running knot round his hams, by means of their spear. Having done this, the coil of the rope was thrown to the Siamese in the alleys, and made fast to one of the trees. When this was accomplished, the western gate was opened once more, and all the elephants went out of the trap to bathe in the pond, and to feed on whatever young plants they could find around it. A circle of their treacherous companions at every ten paces remained as silent and immovable as veritable sphinxes, and hindered them from going outside the alloted boundary.

The wild herd was, for the most part, composed of females, a bull elephant having generally from fifteen to twenty—a fact which will explain why it was impossible for four hundred of these animals to revolt against three hundred bull elephants chosen from the Royal Siamese stables, which always contain five thousand of these animals ready to take the field. Besides, the hunt never takes place during the pairing season, as it would be impossible for the elephant hunters to succeed.

When the pit was entirely empty, and the captive saw himself cut off from his companions and his little ones, he set up a terrible cry, and made a rush for the door through which the last elephant had just disappeared. The rope tightened, his legs were pulled different ways, and he fell on his knees heavily to the ground; three times did he try the same experiment with the same result. He bellowed and ploughed up the ground with his tusks, but no force can break these thongs, which are made of elephant skins.

When he realised his position he turned all his rage against the stakes, but had to rest at the end of a quarter of an hour. After an hour and a half the ropes were loosened from the stakes, and the eastern gate opened. He then made a rush for it, thinking he was free, but only dragged his chains with him, or beyond the door where two elephants on each side, like two policemen, each having an enormous collar of rattans, while a third stood right in front, and prevented any further movement on the captive's part.

While he tried to overcome these new obstacles, the keepers put a similar collar round his neck, and another on his back, and then tied him to his two companions; the third one cleared the way, and, taking a position behind, shoved on the poor captive, while the other two dragged him towards the southern shed, or *sâla*, prepared for the occasion. It was exactly like three policemen conducting a troublesome prisoner to the station. In the shed he was tied to a strong stake, his fore feet fettered, and then given into the charge of his keeper. The whole proceeding occupied about three hours. Two other elephants were taken in the same manner, but one of them had a desperate fight with his antagonists before he was captured. Every time one of the tame elephants would approach, he would rush at him with his tusks; he was received in the same savage fashion, and they came together with a dull thud. Four domesticated elephants were worsted in the fight, and had to be taken off the field; with the fifth, the struggling animal lost one of his tusks, and, being thus unfit for use, was allowed to regain his liberty. He was not long in plunging into the water, and, having washed off the blood with which he was covered, he rejoined his companions. The third elephant did not give so much trouble, and at five o'clock he went to the sheds where they were to be tamed by hunger. The first animal was twenty-three feet high, the second twenty, the third nineteen, and the one we lost twenty-two. In these countries the elephants are of the greatest service, and it would be difficult for man to have any of the luxuries of life without their intelligent aid.

The foreign guests started the same night for Bangkok, extremely well pleased with what they had seen, and the Regent returned to his camp. I was very desirous of having a young elephant, and the mandarin of the elephants was kind enough to place four men at my disposal. We set out and lay for the herd along the road it had to follow to the forests. I was so fortunate as to capture a young bull elephant about eight months old, which I named Joseph, and brought with me to Bangkok, where the King was kind enough to give me a nurse for it, as it could not do without one for a couple of years.—*Ganier d'Abain in Scribner.*

The Rescue.

Storms in the Southern States of America come up suddenly, and frequently freshets arise, after a heavy fall of rain, within an hour or so, and therefore Gilbert Ludlow found, as he rode along through the forest, directing his course toward the high road, that every rivulet was swollen to overflowing, and cautiously had he to pick his way.

Presently he reached the main road, and urged his horse into a gallop.

"The creek is at a fearful height," he mutterred, as the roar of the rushing waters came to his ears.

Then came, louder than the roar of the waters, a breaking, a crashing of timbers, and a mingled cry of distress.

Driving his long spurs deep into the sides of his horse, Gilbert Ludlow rushed on, but suddenly hurled his horse back upon his haunches, as a sight met his gaze that brought a look of horror to his face.

Before him swept the creek, in dry weather a mere rivulet, in the rainy season a torrent, and where the road crossed it, a compact bridge, some thirty feet in length, and fifteen in breadth, had been built of strong, heavy timbers, the ends resting upon brick buttresses on either bank.

The freshet had forced the small creek beyond its banks, and one end of the bridge was forced from its hold, and swinging round with the current, had torn the other end also from its fastenings.

But the bridge being borne away upon the rapid current was not alone the sight that startled Gilbert Ludlow; but on it was a light phæton drawn by a pair of horses, and containing two ladies and two gentlemen, while close behind the vehicle were a lady and gentleman on horseback.

At a glance Gilbert took in the scene, and though he knew that the strong bridge would ably bear up under its load, he also knew that but one ray of hope remained, and that was to endeavour to drag it to the bank before it reached the falls three miles below, and remembering a bend in the creek a mile distant, he determined to there check its course, if in the power of man do so.

Like lightning these thoughts had flashed through his mind, and when he had determined upon the course of action, the bridge with its human freight was only a hundred yards down the stream.

With the speed of a deer his noble horse bounded along the bank, and coming opposite to the impromptu boat, he hailed:

"Cheer up; all hope is not gone. I will head you off at the bend below. Break the railing off one side, gentlemen, and I'll throw my lasso over; it is strong, and will hold."

A faint cheer answered, and seeing that his instructions were obeyed, Gilbert bounded away through the forest, leaping his horse over fallen trees and deep ditches in his mad ride. Soon the bend was reached, and with joy he discovered that the current's strength was thrown against the other bank of the creek, while upon the shore where he stood it was comparatively quiet, and around the bend, breaking its force, the waters formed a kind of whirlpool or eddy.

"I must ride up the bank, lasso the bridge, and gallop along with it to this point, and, as it turns, throw my horse to the right of that tree, and thus check its impetus; this is the only chance, and God in heaven aid me, or they are lost.'

Thus planning, Gilbert Ludlow again rode a few hundred feet up the bank, which was fortunately clear of trees, and then the bridge swept full in sight, the persons thereon anxiously watching to see if they must resign all hope, for well they knew that the falls lay but two short miles distant, and there destruction was certain.

"Stand aside, so I can catch that post with my lasso," called out Gilbert; and the gentlemen, who had dismounted from the phaeton to hold the frightened horses, turned their heads one side, and, with a whizzing sound, the lasso cut the hair and settled upon the post.

"I will gallop along with you to the bend, and then be ready to draw the bridge ashore, while my horse holds you firm."

And one of the gentlemen answered:

"All right, sir! we will do our best."

And keeping even with the bridge, which was some thirty feet distant, Gilbert darted along the bank.

"Now be ready," he called out, as the floating bridge approached the bend; and spurring his horse forward, he wheeled him suddenly to the right of the solitary tree, and brought him back upon his haunches by a hard pull upon the cruel Mexican bit.

Swiftly the floating bridge swept round the bend, and Gilbert let his fifty feet of lasso slip through his hand, and then the check was slowly felt, and harder, harder came the strain upon the strong horse-hair rope, and against the power of the horse, but still held back upon his haunches by the firm hand of his rider, and aided by the tree's support, he nobly sustained the trial of his strength, and Gilbert saw that his plan was successful, while those upon the frail raft watched with agonising glances the result of the horseman's plan for their safety.

"Thank God!" fervently ejaculated Gilbert Ludlow, while the gentlemen on the bridge gave a cheer, and eagerly set to work to draw it to the bank.

Soon it approached nearer and nearer, until it grounded and would come no further, and then Gilbert gave his lasso a turn around the tree, and plunging his horse into the water, rode alongside the bridge, and one by one took the impromptu voyagers to *terra firma*, carrying them in front of his saddle.

In this way the four from the phaeton were safely landed, and then the horses attached to the vehicle were forced into the stream; a plunge up to their necks, a struggle, and they reached the bank in safety, dragging the carriage after them, and were seized by the two gentlemen.

"Now, mademoiselle, if your escort will aid you to dismount, I will come after you," called out Gilbert to the lady upon horseback, and in a moment more he had ridden alongside; but ere he could receive the maiden in his arms, the two horses upon the bridge becoming frightened, started back, and falling into the water, dragged the gentleman with them.

For an instant Gilbert believed he would be drowned; but seizing the horn of his saddle he raised himself, and the two animals making for the land, soon gained it in safety.

"Oh, help! see, the raft is gone!" cried an agonised voice from the shore, and turning Gilbert saw that the bridge, lightened by the removal of its load, had drifted around, the post to which the lasso was attached had given way, and in an instant it was borne off upon the seething waters.

"For your life, hold! I will save you!" called out Gilbert, in ringing tones, as he saw the maiden about to spring from the bridge, and quickly he wheeled his horse and made for the bank.

As he dashed down the shore his face was pale, his teeth set, for fully did he realise the fearful danger of the girl.

Anxiously did the little party watch his mad career through the woods, saw him pass the bridge, and soon after urge his strong horse into the rushing waters of the creek.

Nearer came the floating bridge, the slender form of the maiden standing like a statue upon it, her hands clasped, her face pale, and eyes riveted upon the horseman struggling in the waves, and upon whom her life depended.

Sweeping onward with terrific speed the massive timbers rushed, and when almost upon Gilbert, his ringing tones were heard:

"Spring from the further end into the water."

With perfect confidence the maiden obeyed, the waters closed over her, she arose, and a strong arm seized and lifted her to the saddle, while, slipping into the water, Gilbert said:

"My horse is too much blown to carry us both. Hold on firmly, and he will carry you ashore."

And ere she could utter a word in reply, her preserver turned the steed's head shoreward; while he, letting go his hold upon the saddle, struck out with bold strokes to swim to the bank.

The whole party of ladies and gentlemen had witnessed the noble self-sacrifice of Gilbert to save their friend; they saw that she was safe, and anxiously watched his slow but steady progress shoreward, and a wild cheer came from them as they saw him gain the bank and join the maiden, after which the two started to rejoin the group.

"You have saved my life, sir! God for ever bless you!" said the rescued girl, extending her hands to Gilbert as he reached the shore.

One instant Gilbert Ludlow gazed with undisguised admiration into the beautiful face of the woman before him, and he felt to save the life of such a being was worth any sacrifice. Need it be added that the love, which begun under such romantic circumstances, ripened into tender courtship, and attained in due time the fruition of a happy union?

Sheridan's Sharpness.

Sheridan was peculiarly sharp in evasions of duns and sheriffs. The charm of his manner alone was irresistible. Taylor, of the Opera House, used to say of him that he could not pull off his hat to him in the street without its costing him fifty pounds, and if he stopped to speak with him it was a hundred. Once, when a creditor brought him a bill for payment which had often been presented before, and the man complained of its soiled and tattered state, and said he was quite ashamed to see it, "I'll tell you what I'd advise you to do with it, my friend," said Sheridan; "take it home and write it upon *parchment!*" He once mounted a horse which a horse dealer was showing off near a coffee-house at the bottom of St. James's-street, rode it to Tattersall's and sold it, and walked quietly back to the spot from which he set out. The owner was furious, swore he would be the death of him, and in a quarter of an hour afterward they were seen sitting together over a bottle of wine in the coffee-house, the horse-jockey with the tears running down his face at Sheridan's jokes, and almost ready to hug him as an honest fellow. Sheridan's house and lobby were beset with duns every morning, who were told that Mr. Sheridan was not yet up, and shown into the several rooms on each side of the entrance. As soon as he had breakfasted he asked, "Are those doors all shut, John?" and being assured they were, marched out very deliberately between them, to the astonishment of the self-invited guests, who soon found the bird was flown. He owed large sums to Holland, the architect of one of the handsomest theatres in the kingdom, of which Sheridan was the manager; but the poor man could never obtain a settlement or even an interview on the subject with Sheridan. He hunted him for weeks and months at his own house, at the theatre, at his usual resorts, but he was nowhere to be seen. At last he tracked him to the stage door, rushed in in spite of the opposition of the burly porter, and found the manager on the stage conversing with a party of gentlemen whom he had invited to show them the theatre. Sheridan saw Holland approaching, and knowing that escape was this time impossible, put a bold face on the matter. "Ah! my dear fellow," exclaimed he, "you are the very man I wanted to see—you have come most *apropos*. I am truly sorry you have had the trouble of calling on me so often, but now we have met, in a few minutes I shall be at liberty; we will then go into my room together and settle our affairs. But first, you must decide an important question here. Some of these gentlemen tell me there are complaints, and loud ones, that the transmission of sound is defective in your beautiful theatre—that, in fact, the galleries cannot hear at all, and that is the reason why they have become so noisy of late." "Sound defective! not hear!" reiterated the astonished architect, turning pale, almost staggering back. "Why, it is the most perfect building for sound that ever was erected; I'll stake my reputation on it; the complaint is most groundless." "So I say," retorted Sheridan; "but now we'll bring the question to issue definitively, and then have a paragraph or two in the papers. Do you, Holland, go and place yourself at the back of the upper gallery, while I stand here on the stage and talk to you." "Certainly," said Holland, "with the greatest pleasure." A lantern was provided with a trusty guide, and away went the architect through a labyrinth of dark and winding passages, almost a day's journey, until he reached his distant and elevated post. "Now, Mr. Holland," cried Sheridan, "are you there and ready?" "Yes," was the immediate answer. "Can you hear me?" "Perfectly, perfectly, Mr. Sheridan!" "Then I wish you a very good morning." So saying, Sheridan disappeared, and was two or three miles off before Holland could descend. Another long interval occurred ere he was able to chase the fugitive to his lair again. I believe there was but one debt paid by Sheridan—the debt of nature.—*Galaxy.*

Mary Queen of Scots.

Mr. Algernon C. Swinburne, in his dramatic poem of "Bothwell," recently published, depicts Mary Queen of Scots as a monster. He represents her as going on the night fixed for the murder of Darnley to his bedside in order that, by playing, for a brief season, the loving part of an attentive wife, he might be lulled into greater security while the last preparations for carrying out the foul deed were in progress at the Kirk o' Field. Here is the masterly scene:

Queen. But I must chide you for one thing, my lord,
That you would hold your servant Duram here
Though it be for love you bear him; he is sick.
And should not sleep nor watch with you to-night;
You do not well to keep him from the town
Against his health, who should take physic there
And come back whole to serve you.
Darnley. Let him go.
I did but bid him leave me not alone;
I will have one for service at my hand.
Queen. Have you no more but just this young man gone
Whom I bade go even where was best for him?
Let your page lie at hand here.
Darnley. Nay, I will.
You sent off Alexander?
Queen. He was sick;
We should show care of them we take to grace
More friendship than by cherishing ourselves
With their forced company; the grace is more
To take thought for them whom we hold in trust
Than still to exact their service, tax their faith,
Whose faith and service we that lean thereon
Should put to no more toil and pain than needs,
Requiting love with labour.
Darnley. You say well;
But what should ail him? save that yesterday
He found his bed-straw here by chance afire
And flung it out at window; on which plea
He would not lie to-night here, till I bade him
Sleep with me as aforetime, being of all
The man bound closest to my love and trust;
Then first he spake of sickness, as you heard
Who sat between us. Nay, but let him go;
The boy shall serve to sleep here.
Queen. Sickness makes
All wills to serve it like necessity;
Witness my will to keep my brother here
Whom his wife's sickness at St. Andrew's now
Parts from our feasts and counsels, caught up hence
As if a wind had wrapt him.
Darnley. She is sick too—
The Lady Murray?
Queen. Nigh to death, he says;
I know not: who knows how near death he walks
Who treads as now most upright in the sun?
Argyle. Why have we death and sickness in our mouths
Who come forward of a feast not ended yet
That in good time recalls us?
Queen. Presently.
I would you were in health to dance me down
To-night but for the bride's sake; for the groom,
He may live easier that you grace him not
Nor gall with favour or with jealousy.
Darnley. We twain shall see this night out otherwise.
Queen. I am sure you shall see more of rest than I.
Darnley. Except I watch for sickness' sake all night.
Queen. That shall you not; I charge you on my love
Sleep sound for my sake.
Enter BOTHWELL.
Are not you the bell
That strikes the hour to sunder us, my lord?
Bothwell. Madam, I strike not yet.
Queen. The better; sit,
And make no sound of parting till your hour,
No timeless note of severance. My fair lord,
Have you no fair word for your noble guests?
Darnley. I pray you, sirs, of your own gentleness,
Lay it not to my discourtesy for shame
That I can but thus sickly entertain
The grace you do me: that I meet it so,
Impute not to my will that is myself,
But to my weakness that is none of me
Save as our enemy may be part of us,
And so forgive it.
Huntley. Sir, we are fain to see
Even in your gracious words that speak you ill
Some spirit of health already.
Cassilis. I would pledge
My name and word you shall not long lie sick
Who bear yourself thus lordlike. [*Noise below.*
Queen. Ah! my heart—
It rings me here in passing; pardon me.
Bothwell. God's lightning burn them! will they mar me now? [*Aside, and exit.*
Darnley. Heard you no noise?
Argyle. Where?
Queen. Some one stirred below.
A chair thrown down or such like.
Darnley. Nay, I caught
A rush and rattle as——
Cassilis. Of pebble-stones?
Darnley. Where is my lord gone forth?
Queen. Why are you moved?
Darnley. I am not moved. I am no fearful fool
To shake and whiten as a winter tree
With no more wind than this is.
Queen. Do you think
It is your counsellor come back in wrath
To warn again and threaten?
Darnley. Nay, for him
I think he hath learnt a lesson of my rede
To vex his soul and trouble me no more.
Re-enter BOTHWELL.
Queen. What deadly news now, of what danger, sir?
Bothwell. Some fellow bearing faggots for the fire
Slipt at at the threshold; I have admonished him
What din his knaveship made even in our ears,
As if he had the devil there in his hands.
Queen (aside.) It was of them?
Bothwell (aside.) Ay, hell take hold on them,
It was their din, God thank them for it with fire,
Our careful helpers; but I have made them safe:
The train is wellnigh laid now: what remains
To strew I have charged them shed without more sound
Than where the snow strikes.
Darnley. Must you part indeed?
Queen. They look for us ere long.
Darnley. Now know I not
What I would give to hold you here a night,
Even half my life I think, and know not why.
Queen. That were too much. I slept here yesterday;
Were you the better for me?
Darnley. Ay, and no;
I deemed I was the better till I slept,
And then——
Queen. Why, did my being here break your sleep?
It shall not break to-night then.
Enter PARIS, *and stands at the door.*
Bothwell (aside to ARGYLE.) Time is come;
Touch him, and give the sign.
Darnley. The air turns sharp;
There came a wind as chill as from the pit.
Why do you fix your eyes so fast on me?
Queen. Not out of mind to mar your sleep again.
Darnley. I will not sleep alone.
Queen. Ay, will you not?
The town looks like a smoke whose flame is out,
Deformed of night, defaced and featureless,
Dull as the dead fume of a fallen fire,
There starts out of the cloud a climbing star,
And there is caught and slain.
Darnley. Why gaze you so?
Queen. I looked to see if there should rise again
Out of its timeless grave the mounting light
That so was overtaken. We must part;
Keep with this kiss this ring again for me
Till I shall ask it of you; and good night.
Darnley. A good night it may be to folk that feast.
Queen. It may be better. I must be some hour
Again among the masquers; you that sleep
Shall hear no noise and see no company
Enter NELSON.
For this one night; here comes your chamberlain;
Good rest with you. 'Twas just this time last year
David was slain.
Darnley. Why tell you me of that?
Queen. This very time as now. Good night, my lord.

Literary Rambler.

AMONG THE MOORS.

Algiers stands before you like a picture, and you feel inclined to gaze and moralise; but you are roused from a coming reverie by finding the steamer has stopped a long way from shore—for the harbour is shallow and rocky, and there is no pier: boats surround the vessel, and a shrieking crowd of bare-legged, bare-breasted Moors, and ebon-faced sons of Ethiop, are seizing your luggage and you, and getting you transferred to boats. This is accomplished, and the lusty crew pull away through the heavy surf, toward a point on the beach where there is a small crowd congregated.

But ere we reach it we are again surrounded. This time it is half-naked, screeching creatures, brandishing chairs, and vociferating wildly, who take possession of one. Almost before you are aware, you are hoisted up in the air between two of these noisy beings, and are being carried through the waves. They set me down very gently—I must say that for them; and then, half bewildered, I returned the gaze of curiosity of the crowd gathered around.

What piercing black eyes looked out from the men's flannel cowls! What soft ones from the shadow of the women's veils! A huge negro, black as Erebus, but smiling as the light, recognised Mr. Bland, who introduced us to his sable friend, as to an official who could do us service; and after a hand-shaking, this dark gentleman in the big turban and cream-coloured robes passed us pleasantly through the custom-house ordeal, and we proceeded, with an escort of rabble, to Martin's hotel. On the way our *cortège* was swelled by a tribe of Jew lads, who probably, as it was their Sabbath, were enjoying a holiday. Their intense gratification knew no bounds at the advent of strangers. Freely passing their remarks upon us, which, perhaps luckily, we did not understand, they clapped their hands, grinned, shouted frantically, flourished sticks, and executed various *pas* in our pathway, which it is to be supposed expressed the exuberance of their pleasure. At any rate, the young monkeys proved that the genus *gamin* is not confined to Europe. Their elders meanwhile, in their clean white linen, dark tunics, and skull-caps, looked on with that quiet air which they all have.—*Word-Sketches. By Mrs. Jackson.*

TENNYSON'S PROVERBIAL PHRASES.

Since the period of the "Essay on Man," from what writer can you cull so many wise and fine proverbial phrases as from the poet who says:

> "'Tis better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all;"
>
> "Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood;"
>
> "There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds;"

who puts the theory of evolution in a couplet when he sings of

> "one far-off divine event
> To which the whole creation moves;"

who so tersely avows that

> "Knowledge comes, but Wisdom lingers;"
> "Things seen are mightier than things heard;"

and, again:

> "Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;"

from whom else so many of these proverbs, which are not isolated, but, as in Pope's works, recur by tens and scores? Curious felicities of verse:

> "Laborious orient ivory, sphere in sphere;"

lines which record the most exquisite thrills of life:

> "Our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips;"

and unforgotten similes:

> "Dear as remembered kisses after death;"—

such beauties as these occur in multitudes, and literally make up the body of the laureate's song.—*Edmund C. Stedman.*

FAMILY LIFE IN FRANCE.

The liens which bind relations together are close and strong; hence the prudence exercised by parents in the choice of a husband for their daughter, or a wife for their son. The man who marries the daughter also marries the family, to the cousin-german. The parents look at a possible husband for their daughter with a view to a close and constant association, and they exercise a vigilant watch lest her affections should become engaged in a quarter not approved by them. The parental authority is admitted to such an extent, that if the young man were to propose a marriage to their daughter without consulting them, he would be held as a dishonourable man; the proposition is made to them, and they give the answer, in some instances without the daughter's knowledge. This brings about solidarity in the family, composed of members predisposed to kindliness and sympathy, and it also gives rise to uneasiness when a new element is presented for admission, lest it should disturb harmony. Through intimacy and sympathy they have accommodated themselves to each other's habits and caprices, and have succeeded in living in the same groove. The French are much attached to their habits, the proof of which is, that they can never entirely accommodate themselves to those of other lands, but after a season of nostalgia return to those of their native country. This tenacity to habit sometimes assumes a form that is ludicrous. Matrimonial propositions have been refused because the candidate disliked the game of bézique or the novels of Dumas. A possible marriage connection with a foreigner of different religion and race is regarded with disfavour, and the daughter is kept away from such temptation by general holding aloof from foreign intercourse. There is much going to and fro between family connections in France, in the way of dinners, breakfasts, and quiet parties of pleasure. Besides the social intercourse, there are close relations in practical affairs. If a member of the family entertains a proposition in a matter of business, it is submitted to his wife, and probably to all his immediate connections, before it is decided upon.—*Galaxy.*

The Ladies' Own Corner.

The following extracts are taken from the Paris correspondence of the *Queen:*

BONNETS TO MATCH.

Pretty hat-bonnets are made of black rice straw, and trimmed with either currants or cherries, with their respective leaves, the fruit falling like large beads on the back hair. The flowers, fruit, and leaves of the caper plant are used in a similar manner.

Bonnets to match the dress have become a necessity. So absolute and universal is this fashion, that many ladies, who desire to carry out more economy than a bonnet for every toilette entails, manage in this wise. They purchase moveable trimmings; the bonnet may be either black or white rice straw, and with this, half-a-dozen wreaths for inside, and bouquets for the turned-up brim, all of different colours, are sent home by the milliner, so arranged that changing them is easy enough. Feathers are also managed in the same way.

FOULARD SCARF AND CASHMERE COSTUME.

There are certain fashions which seem universally adopted, but the reason why it is impossible to tell. At this moment there are two fashions which every Parisienne has patronised—a foulard scarf on her bonnet, and a light blue woollen costume. There is scarcely a French woman in anything like good society who has not at least one turquoise-blue cashmere costume, and one who has not a foulard on her bonnet. These foulard not scarfs are arranged in a thousand different ways, and are worn in an endless variety of patterns. The most popular ones are écru, with a brown and black border and turquoise-blue with sailor-blue border. The mixture of these two colours is much adopted. There is also great variety in the trimming of the light blue cashmere costumes; the most elegant ones are tastefully ornamented with écru guipure. So common have these blue costumes become that many of the leading dressmakers are trying to introduce flesh-coloured Indian cashmere costumes for a change, and these are always trimmed with worsted guipure to match. But whether pink or blue be selected, and whether it be made with a polonaise or a tunic and jacket, the costume always has revers, ornamented with coloured faille.

BODICES AND CAPES.

The bodices, which have a piece down the back of a darker or lighter shade, in the form of a violin, and hence called a violin bodice, are daily growing in favour; the tablier-tunics, as long as the skirt in front, and terminating simply with loops and a sash at the back, are likewise most popular.

The Marion Delorme capes, made of black Sicilienne, and covered entirely with jet fringe, alternating with rows of either jet insertion or beaded guipure, is another most popular fashion. As for the jet manufacturers, they must be realising fortunes. In the morning, afternoon, and evening black jet and blue jet meet your eye wherever you turn. Some women glitter all over with it, bonnet, mantle, and dress all heavily trimmed with these glistening bugles and beads: and for evening wear the white jet tunics and corslets, or solid leaves of cut white beads, are extremely numerous in every ballroom. It is not an economical fashion, the bugles being generally embroidered on such a slight, flimsy foundation as tulle, and, being heavy, they drag, and the ground-work breaks away. Notwithstanding taxes and advanced prices for all the necessaries of life, fabulous sums are paid daily for these jet embroideries.

ALGERIENNE.

A charming new material has been introduced for summer wear. It is Algerienne, woven entirely with soft silk, and yet the result is a solid fabric; the stripes, which are always white, are covered with small loops of floss silk, either sky-blue, pink, or straw-colour. These loops produce a brilliant effect, and are exceedingly novel and pretty. For opera cloaks or *fête* polonaises the new Algerienne proves most effective.

TRAVELLING COSTUMES.

Travelling costumes are now occupying the attention of dressmakers. Dust-grey and cigar-brown Indian cashmere are considered the most elegant costumes for the purpose, but sergé de laine is far less costly and preferable in my opinion, because it has most substance as material, and consequently is less perishable. These woollen costumes are trimmed either with fine worsted guipure to match or with Castellane gimp. English embroidery is principally reserved for cambric and foulard costumes.

Skirts made of écru foulard, and trimmed with plaitings to match, alternating with rows of English embroidery, can be worn with almost any polonaise or bodice and tunic. The same pattern is also made in blue linen and striped cambric. For dressy occasions white polonaises have been very general during the recent warm weather. They are made of the finest white piqué and trimmed with stripes of embroidered insertion; a plaiting borders them. The exaggerated tournures or "dress improvers," as they are facetiously named, have, I am thankful to say, well-nigh disappeared, and there is now no more fulness at the back of the waist than is produced by the loopings-up of the drapery.

THE NATIONAL SCHOOL OF COOKERY.

A correspondent of the *Queen* gives the following account of the instruction at the National School of Cookery: The students at the School of Cookery pay a fee of three guineas if they do not wish to soil their hands with real work, or two guineas if they desire to complete the course. The classes average thirty, and about half join in all the preliminary work, which is carried on in the mornings from ten to twelve, of five days; at the end of this, the whole class attend from two to four for ten days; after an interval of about a fortnight, during which students are recommended to study Lady Barker's shilling tract ("First Lessons in the Principles of Cooking)", an examination is held, and certificates of merit—first, second, and third order—are awarded.

Students may absent themselves from any day's instruction, and may attend on the corresponding day with another class; but it is not advisable that such interruptions of the work should be made. The class which my friends attended consisted of ladies, housekeepers, and cooks—of various ages, from fourteen to fifty—who came to improve their knowledge.

On the first day they set to work to clean saucepans, tin patty pans, and dishes; and, judging by the blittered and scratched state of their fingers, they must have worked vigorously, and made the pans intensely bright. Their notes and subsequent practice show that every detail was mastered, and that these practical students are now competent to instruct tyros in such matters. On the following four days similar practical lessons were gone through in cleaning knives, forks, and spoons, enamelled saucepans, copper stewpans, kitchen ranges for coal and gas, and in laying and lighting fires; they were also taught to poach eggs, clarify fat, boil potatoes, and to make Irish stew, bubble-and-squeak, and mutton piecrust. So far was the preliminary work, where the students carried out all the operations; the remainder of the course was by lecture only, illustrated by the practical work of the four instructor-cooks. The teaching of these latter ten days included cooking soles in various ways, salmon and tartar sauce, whitebait, clear soup, roast mutton, braised breast of veal, boiled fowls, stewed steak, broiled steak, potato soufflé, cauliflower *au gratin*, spinach, new potatoes, asparagus, potato croquettes, sweetbreads, mince, puff pastry, short pastry, sweet soufflés, cheese soufflé, cheese straws, Genoese pastry, custards, lemon pudding, bonne femme soup, tapioca cream; and sick room cookery, such as chicken panada, Scotch gruel, crême d'orge, and mutton broth.

Judging by the students' note books, and by the very dainty dishes that have been set before us as exercises, I can say with confidence that all their items of instruction have been thoroughly learnt.

It is needless to say that, to teach so much in fifteen days, it is necessary that the chief of the department, her deputy, and the instructor-cooks should be thoroughly up to their work; and, indeed, the students' grateful memories of their unvarying patience and zeal prove their thorough efficiency.

Flower and Kitchen Garden.

FLOWER GARDEN.

Annuals: Sow any of the quick-growing annuals for autumn display. The blue nemophila blooms beautifully if sown at the end of June; better by far than from spring sowings. Balsams, asters, and stocks to be planted out where they are to flower. Sow Brompton and Queen stocks.

Bedders to have every necessary attention to regulate the growth and display the bloom; peg verbenas and other trailers as soon as they need it. If the ground is very dry, loosen the surface with the hoe between the plants, and if necessary to water soak the ground well. Plants running away to leaf to have no water; and where tropæolums grow rank remove a few of the leaves, so as to make more room for the blossoms to be seen.

Dahlias to be tied up betimes, or sudden gusts of wind will tear away the best branches from the base. On hot dry soils, mulching is needful, and will prevent need of watering.

Grass lawns newly made must not be so closely mown as old turf. But mowing must be performed with regularity, or it is impossible to obtain a uniform velvety green surface. To mow close a well-established turf is to encourage the fine grasses, and kill out the coarse kinds.

Pinks must be supported by neat stakes to keep the blooms from being spoilt by rain and wind. The best way to propagate is by pipings, and now is a good time to secure plenty of them.

GREENHOUSE AND CONSERVATORY.

Azaleas that were flowered early have now finished their growth, and may be put out to harden. Select for them a sheltered, shady position, and stand the pots on bricks or slates to prevent the worms from getting in.

Calceolarias of the herbaceous class that are going out of bloom must be cut down if it is intended to keep any of them, as if they are allowed to produce seed they will probably die. When cut down, give them a shift into larger pots, or plant them out on a spent hot-bed, and take the lights off at night, that they may enjoy the dew. When they break freely, propagate and destroy the old stools. The most skilful cultivators, however, prefer to grow from seed.

Camellias need air now night and day, and the swelling of the flower-buds should be the signal to cease watering overhead, which may cause the flower-buds to start into leaves, and spoil the next season's bloom. Plants that want a shift may have it now, but large shifts should never be practised.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

Broad beans to be sown again if a late supply is at all likely to be wanted. Top those in flower as soon as a reasonable amount of bloom is expanded.

Celery to have an abundant supply of water if the ground is dry, as slow growth is ruin to it, and may cause half the crop to bolt. Continue to plant out, using abundance of rotten dung well worked into the soil of the trenches.

Cucumbers on ridges may now have the hand-lights or other protection removed, so as to benefit by the night dews and showers. It is not advisable to stop them, but a little pegging to cover the beds regularly is beneficial, as creating a greater extent of bearing surface.

Leeks to be transplanted from the seed-bed to very rich ground, and to be earthed up as they grow, to blanch the neck of the bulb. The frequent use of sewage-water will swell them to a great size and with improved quality.

Lettuce to be sown now where they are to remain. This is a golden rule to prevent bolting when the weather becomes torrid.

Sow lettuce for succession, broad beans, peas, radishes, scarlet runners, turnips, early York and East Ham cabbage, a few rosette coleworts, and Walcheren broccoli.

Showery weather brings as much work as drought and sunshine. During a dry heat, ply the hoe to kill weeds, and during showers plant out whatever the ground is ready for, and whatever is fit for planting. It may make all the difference between a good crop and no crop at all to seize the right moment for planting out, influence of warmth and wet being so eminently favourable to every kind of vegetation in a youthful state.

Turnips: As there will soon be a demand for these, it will be well to sow a small breadth in some odd place, so as to secure a few small bulbs in advance of the ordinary autumn supplies. Take especial care to break up and manure the ground first.

Vegetable Marrows: During warm showers is a good time to plant these out.

Winter Greens of all kinds to be planted out as occasions offer; a few of the forwardest of plants of Brussels sprouts should be put out where they are to remain, in deeply-trenched and well-manured ground, to furnish an early supply of buttons, as they are everywhere prized when the summer vegetables are over.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

Nick-Nacks.

A BOY, six years old, living on Murray Hill, having been much lectured by his father on the babyishness of crying when any calamity happens, cheered the paternal heart the other morning by saying, "Harry B. cried nearly all day 'cause his father died; but if *you* should die, pa, *I* wouldn't cry a bit."

THE *Reformer*, published in this country says that a lady recently attempted to commit suicide, because she supposed that the Evil One had got into her, but was restrained, and then the editor gravely adds, "If the women go to killing themselves for a little thing like that, then they're going to be scarce."

"WHEN was Rome built?" asked a school-committeeman of the first class in ancient history. "In the night," answered a bright little girl. "In the night?" exclaimed the astonished examiner. "How do you make that out?" "Why, I thought that everybody knew that 'Rome wasn't built in a day.'"

A PITIFUL FAILURE.—When Dr. Lucas, a very unpopular man, ventured on a speech in the Irish Parliament, and failed altogether, Henry Gratton said, "He rose without a friend, and sat down without an enemy."—*S. Rogers' "Recollections."*

THE famous Kitty Clive was notorious for her bad spelling. The following is a specimen, taken from a letter of condolence: "There is nothing to be said on these melancholy occasions To a person of understanding—fools Can not *feel*, people of sence *must* and *will*, and when they have sank their spirits till they are ill, will find that nothing but submission can give any any Consolation to ineveit able miss fortune."

A SCIENTIFIC father was explaining to his little son, four years old, "the philosophy of the growth of trees," when the little pupil was struck with an idea, and exclaimed, "Papa, are *you* growing any taller?" "No, my son; why do you ask?" "'Cause the top of your head is coming through your hair." The lesson was adjourned.

A LITTLE girl who was visiting the family of a neighbour, heard them speak of her father as a widower, and, on her return home, said, "Pa, are you a widower?" "Yes, my child. Don't you know that your mother is dead?" "Why, yes, I know that mother is dead; but then, you always told me you were a New Yorker."

DAVID CROCKETT, while at Washington, visited a menagerie which opened there for exhibition, and stopping before the cage of a huge baboon he exclaimed, after gazing awhile upon the grotesque quadrumana, "Bless me! that fellow looks exactly like Tom ———, of Alabama," naming an honourable Member of Congress from that State then on duty in Washington. "Sir!" exclaimed an indignant voice at his elbow. Davey turned, and beheld the very member whom he had likened to the baboon, with a lady upon either arm. "Really, sir," said Crockett, "I had no idea that you were so near. Had I known it, I shouldn't have spoken as I did." The honourable member was irate, and in language slightly tinctured with threatening, demanded an apology. "O, certainly," replied David, good naturedly. "I am ready to apologise. Yes, yes—but"—and he looked from the honourable member to the animal in the cage, and from the animal back to the honourable member, who, by the way, had never been deemed a handsome man—"really, I don't know which I ought to apologise to—*you or the baboon!*"

ONE night at the Dublin theatre, Digges, when playing "Hamlet," burst a blood-vessel. With the permission of the audience, *She Stoops to Conquer* was promptly substituted, the comedy performers happening to be in the house at the time. A country gentleman, who had come up specially to see Digges in his great part, had just gone out for some refreshment, having left just as Hamlet parted with the ghost. On his speedy return he saw a convivial scene going on, with a chorus and laughter and jocular remarks. He was so bewildered that he first fancied that he had mistaken his road and gone to the other theatre; then that this was some revised version of the piece; he not being very deeply read in Shakespeare. It was some time before he discovered the truth.

IN "Recollections of an Old Stager," published in *Harper's Monthly*, is an amusing anecdote respecting the gambling propensities of a celebrated statesman. At a large party given by the wife of a Minister, Mrs. Clay chaperoning a young lady from the North, passed through a room where gentlemen were playing cards, Mr. Clay amongst the number. Morals in the North, at *that* time, were high-toned, and our young lady was much shocked. "Is this a common practice?" she inquired. "Yes," said Mrs. Clay; "they always play when they get together." "Don't it distress you to have Mr. Clay gamble?" said the young lady, feelingly. "No, my dear," said the good old lady, composedly; "he 'most always wins." Happy and lucky man in possessing such a wife, and in "'most always" winning!

PRESIDENT LINCOLN used to tell this story of himself: He was riding one day on the top of a stage-coach in Illinois, when the driver asked him to "treat." "I never use liquor," was Mr. Lincoln's reply, "and I cannot induce others to do so." "Don't you chew, neither?" said the driver. "No, sir; I never use tobacco in any form." "Well," remarked the disgusted John, "I hain't got much opinion of those fellows with no small vices; they usually make it up in big ones."

"How many children have you?" inquired a gentleman of one of his labourers, looking around in surprise upon the family. "Better tan a dozen, sir." "I only make out eleven," said the gentleman. "Well, isn't tat bettor tan a dozen, vèn one has to veed him?" exclaimed the labourer.

IT is said that in a leading bank in Stockholm, all the clerkships have for some years past been satisfactorily filled by females. That is no more than might have been expected, as every one who has ever intrusted a secret to women, knows that they make first-rate tellers.

PARODIES.—Some of O'Connell's parodies and poetical applications in debate caught the humour of the House, and were considered felicitous. Amongst these was his sneer at the smallness of Lord Stanley's personal adherents after some general election:

> "Thus down thy hill, romantic Ashbourne, glides
> The Derby dilly, carrying six insides."

His celebrated parody on three very excellent, and certainly good-humoured, members of Parliament, Colonels Sibthorp, Perceval, and Verner, was extremely ready, and produced a roar:

> "Three colonels, in three distant counties born,
> Lincoln, Armagh, and Sligo, did adorn.
> The first in matchless impudence surpassed,
> The next in bigotry—in both, the last.
> The force of nature could no further go—
> To beard the third, she shaved the other two."

Two of these gentlemen looked as if they never needed a razor, and the third (Sibthorp) as if he repudiated one.—*Curran and his Contemporaries.*

Attack on an Indian Village.

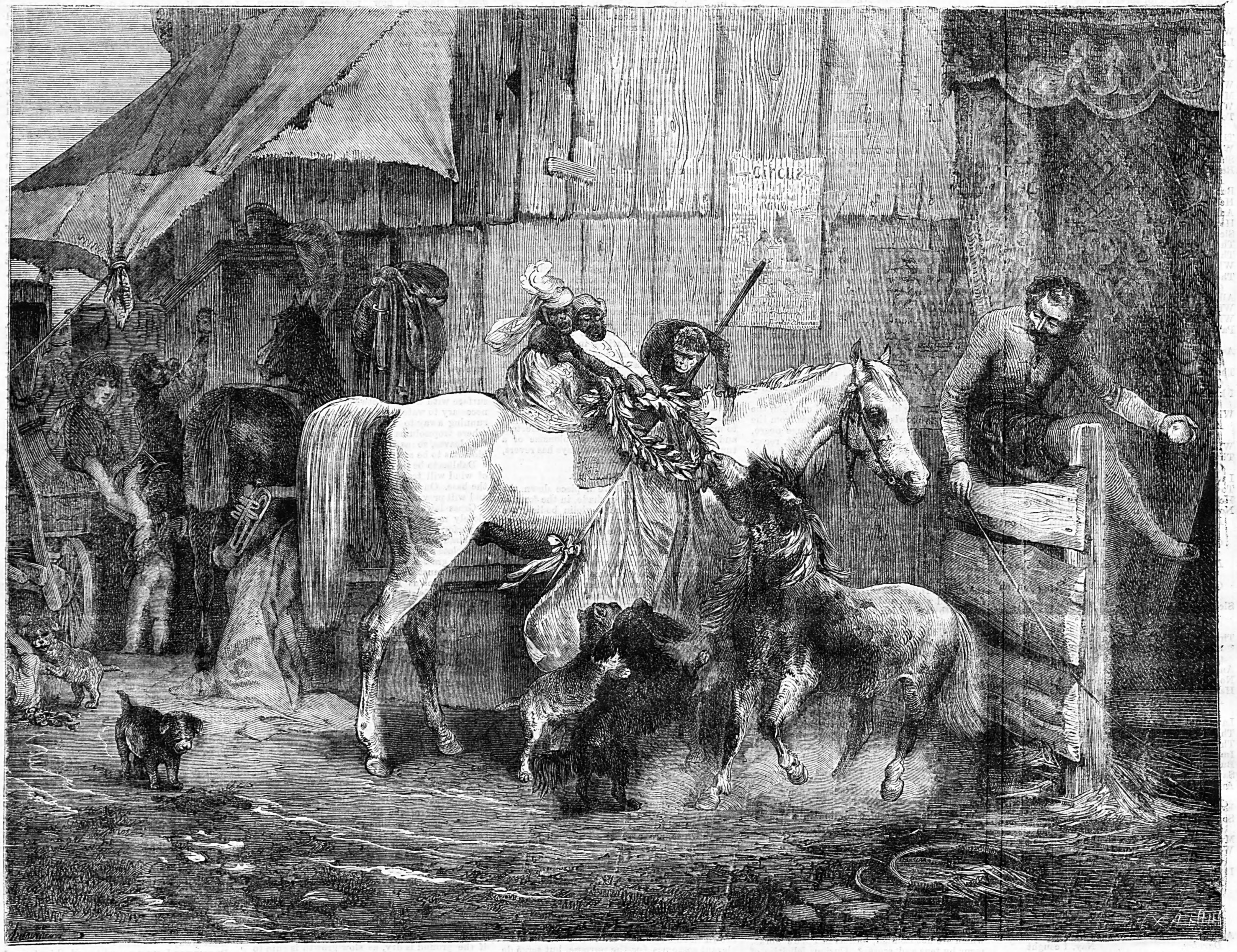
General Custer, who acted as commandant of American troops against the Indians on the Western frontier, has the following in an account of "Life on the Plains," which appeared in a series of articles in the "Galaxy:" All were ordered to get ready to advance; not a word to officer or men was spoken above undertone. It began growing lighter in the east, and we moved forward towards the crest of the hill. Up to this time two of the officers and one of the Osages had remained on the hill overlooking the valley beyond, so as to detect any attempt at a movement on the part of the occupants of the village below. These now rejoined the troops. Colonel West's squadron was formed in line on the right, Captain Hamilton's squadron in line on the left, while Colonel Cook, with his forty sharpshooters, was formed in advance of the left, dismounted. Although the early morning air was freezingly cold, the men were directed to remove their overcoats and haversacks, so as to render them free in their movements. Before advancing beyond the crest of the hill, strict orders were issued prohibiting the firing of a single shot until the signal to attack should be made. The other three detachments had been informed before setting out that the main column would attack promptly at daylight, without waiting to ascertain whether they were in position or not. In fact it would be impracticable to communicate with either of the first two until the attack began. The plan was for each party to approach as closely to the village as possible without being discovered, and there await the approach of daylight. The regimental band was to move with my detachment, and it was understood that the band should strike up the instant the attack opened. Colonel Myers, commanding the third party, was also directed to move one-half his detachment dismounted. In this order we began to decend the slope leading down to the village.

Immediately in rear of my horse came the band, all mounted, and each with his iustrument in readiness to begin playing the moment their leader, who rode at their head, and who kept his cornet to his lips, should receive the singal. I had previously told him to play "Garry Owen" as the opening piece. We had approached near enough to the village now to plainly catch a view here and there of the tall white lodges as they stood in irregular order among the trees. From the openings at the top of some of them we could perceive faint columns of smoke ascending, the occupants no doubt having kept up their feeble fires during the entire night. We had approached so near the village that from the dead silence which reigned I feared the lodges were deserted, the Indians having fled before we advanced. I was about to turn in my saddle and direct the signal for attack to be given—still anxious as to where the other detachments were — when a single rifle shot rang sharp and clear on the far side of the village from where we were. Quickly turning to the band leader, I directed him to give us "Garry Owen." At once the rollicking notes of that familiar marching and fighting air sounded forth through the valley, and in a moment were reëchoed back from the opposite sides by the loud and continued cheers of the men of the other detachments, who, true to their orders, were there and in readiness to pounce upon the Indians the moment the attack began. In this manner the battle of the Washita commenced. The bugles sounded the charge, and the entire command dashed rapidly into the village. The Indians were caught napping; but realising at once the dangers of their situation, they quickly overcame their first surprise and in an instant seized their rifles, bows, and arrows, and sprang behind the nearest trees, while some leaped into the stream, nearly waist deep, and using the bank as a rifle-pit, began a vigorous and determined defence. Mingled with the exultant cheers of my men could be heard the defiant war-whoop of the warriors, who from the first fought with a desperation and courage which no race of men could surpass. Actual possession of the village and its lodges was ours within a a few moments after the charge was made, but this was an empty victory unless we could vanquish the late occupants, who were then pouring in a rapid and well-directed fire from their stations behind trees and banks. At the first onset a considerable number of the Indians rushed from the village in the direction from which Elliot's party had attacked. Some broke through the lines, while others came in contact with the mounted troopers, and were killed or captured.

Before engaging in the fight, orders had been given to prevent the killing of any but the fighting strength of the village; but in a struggle of this character it is impossible at all times to discriminate, particularly when, in a hand-to-hand conflict, such a one as the troops were then engaged in, the squaws are as dangerous adversaries as the warriors, while Indian boys between ten and fifteen years of age were found as expert and determined in the use of the pistol and bow and arrow as the older warriors. Of these facts we had numerous illustrations. Major Benteen, in leading the attack of his squadron through the timber below the village, encountered an Indian boy, scarcely fourteen years of age; he was well mounted, and was endeavouring to make his way through the lines. The object these Indians had in attempting this movement we were then ignorant of, but soon learned to our sorrow. This boy rode boldly toward the major, seeming to invite a contest. His youthful bearing, and not being looked upon as a combatant, induced Major Benteen to endeavour to save him by making "peace signs" to him and obtaining his surrender, when he could be placed in a position of safety until the battle was terminated; but the young savage desired and would accept no such friendly concessions. He regarded himself as a warrior, and the son of a warrior, and as such he purposed to do a warrior's part. With revolver in hand he dashed at the major, who still could not regard him as anything but a harmless lad. Levelling his weapon as he rode, he fired, but either from excitement or the changing positions of both parties, his aim was defective and the shot whistled harmlessly by Major Benteen's head. Another followed in quick succession, but with no better effect. All this time the dusky little chieftain boldly advanced, to lessen the distance between himself and his adversary. A third bullet was sped on its errand, and this time to some purpose, as it passed through the neck of the major's horse, close to the shoulder. Making a final but ineffectual appeal to him to surrender, and seeing him still preparing to fire again, the major was forced in self-defence to level his revolver and despatch him, although as he did so it was with admiration for the plucky spirit exhibited by the lad, and regret often expressed that no other course under the circumstances was left him. Attached to the saddle bow of the young Indian hung a beautifully wrought pair of small moccasins, elaborately ornamented with beads. One of the major's troopers afterward secured these and presented them to him. These furnished the link of evidence by which we subsequently ascertained who the young chieftain was—a title which was justly his, both by blood and bearing.

We had gained the centre of the village, and were in the midst of the lodges, while on all sides could be heard the sharp crack of the Indian rifles and the heavy responses from the carbines of the troopers. After disposing of the smaller and scattering parties of warriors who had attempted a movement down the valley, and in which some were successful, there was but little opportunity left for the successful employment of mounted troops. As the Indians by this time had taken cover behind logs and trees, and under the banks of the stream which flowed through the centre of the village, from which stronghold it was impracticable to dislodge them by the use of mounted men, a large portion of the command was at once ordered to fight on foot, and the men were instructed to take advantage of the trees and other natural means of cover, and fight the Indians in their own style. Cook's sharpshooters had adopted this method from the first, and with telling effect. Slowly but steadily the Indians were driven from behind the trees, and those who escaped the carbine bullets posted themselves with their companions who were already firing from the banks. One party of troopers came upon a squaw endeavouring to make her escape, leading by the hand a little white boy, a prisoner in the hands of the Indians, and who doubtless had been captured by some of their war parties during a raid upon the settlements. Who or where his parents were, or whether still alive or murdered by the Indians, will never be known, as the squaw, finding herself and prisoner about to be surrounded by the troops, and her escape cut off, determined, with savage malignity, that the triumph of the latter should not embrace the rescue of the white boy. Casting her eyes quickly in all directions, to convince herself that escape was impossible, she drew from beneath her blanket a huge knife, and plunged it into the almost naked body of her captive. The next moment retributive justice reached her in the shape of a well-directed bullet from one of the troopers' carbines. Before the men could reach them life was extinct in the bodies of both the squaw and her unknown captive.

The desperation with which the Indians fought may be inferred from the following: Seventeen warriors had posted themselves in a depression in the ground, which enabled them to protect their bodies completely from the fire of our men, and it was only when the Indians raised their heads to fire that the troopers could aim with any prospect of success. All efforts to drive the warriors from this point proved abortive, and resulted in severe loss to our side. They were only vanquished at last by our men securing positions under cover and picking them off by sharpshooting as they exposed themselves to get a shot at the troopers. Finally the last one was despatched in this manner. In a deep ravine near the suburbs of the village the dead bodies of thirty-eight warriors were reported after the fight terminated. Many of the squaws and children had very prudently not attempted to leave the village when we attacked it, but remained concealed inside their lodges. All these escaped injury, although when surrounded by the din and wild excitement of the fight, and in close proximity to the contending parties, their fears overcame some of them, and they gave vent to their despair by singing the death song, a combination of weird-like sounds which were suggestive of anything but musical tones. As soon as we had driven the warriors from the village, and the fighting was pushed to the country outside, I directed "Romeo," the interpreter, to go around to all the lodgers and assure the sqaws and children remaining in them that they would be unharmed and kindly cared for; at the same time he was to assemble them in the large lodges designated for that purpose, which were standing near the centre of the village. This was quite a delicate mission, as it was difficult to convince the squaws and children that they had anything but death to expect at our hands.



OFF THE SAWDUST.

"MOTHER," said a little girl when her father, a great, heavy, coarse-looking man, was dying, "I think the angels will need to take a rest on the road if they carry up my father to heaven, for he'll be an awful heavy lift."

Little Rosebud in the Shade.

A prostrate trunk invites us to spend an idle half hour in a sweet natural bower, from which we can command a capital view of one of the best bends of the stream. It is the 29th of May, and it is only meet and fit that the shadows overhead should come from the branches of the tender-leaved oak. Little Rosebud, flushed in the hedgerow out of the heat, sits crowned with flowers, clapping her hands at the large sportive May-flies on the water. She thus receives her first lesson in entomology, and hears the story of the nautilus, which the insects are imitating. They fall on the water light as snow-flakes, spread out their wings like sails, and run free before the wind, or gracefully tack, as it may please them. Little Rosebud claps her hands at the furious leaps of the trout, and shouts with very joy when the fly, after skimming daintily along the surface, and dallying with doom, takes wing once more and escapes scot-free. But let us pass on. We will dwell no longer on this remembrance of a happy day; but should I live to the extremest span of human years, whenever the May-fly appears in its season, the picture of little Rosebud in the shade, following the airy flights of the heedless insects, now up, now down, with her dancing eyes, will be before me, for little Rosebud, alas! alas! needs no more to sit in the hedgerow out of the heat.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

ONE night at a country theatre Mrs. Siddons was "taking the poison" in the last act of some gloomy tragedy, when a boor in the gallery called out, "That's right, Molly; soop it oop, ma lass."

GRIM HUMOUR.—Dr. John Brown tells a story of a lady suffering from what seemed likely to prove a fatal quinsey. Her husband, who was deeply attached to her, was bending over her in the utmost concern. She could swallow nothing. By some strange and scarcely voluntary whim of association, he expressed his wonder whether she could swallow a compliment. The remark so tickled her, that she broke into a laugh; the laugh burst the quinsey, and she owed her recovery to what must otherwise have been pronounced the most unseasonable of jokes. There lived at Dumfries, in a former generation, a minister celebrated for his humour. His wife, to whom he was much attached, having died, the guests assembled at the funeral, and among them the doctor, a well-known bachelor, between whom and the minister many a shaft of wit had flown. The minister's heart was as sad and sore as possible, yet, at the sight of the doctor, he could not refrain from a touch of the old humour. "Come away, doctor, come away, *it will be a long time before I have this to do for you!*"—*W. G. Blaikie.*